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TALES
OF
WONDER;
WRITTEN AND COLLECTED

BY
M. G. LEWIS, ESQ. M. P.

AUTHOR OF THE MONK, CASTLE
SPECTRE, LOVE OF GAIN, &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
Ye that mingle may!

MACBETH.

V O L. III.

V I E N N A:
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No. XLIII.

THE FATAL SISTERS.

FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.——GRAY;

*To be found in the Orcades of Thor-
modus Torfaeus; Hafniae, 1697,
folio; and also in Bartholinus:*

Vitt er orpit fyrir valfalli, &c.

*In the eleventh century Sigurd, Earl
of the Orkney Islands, went with
a fleet of ships and a considerable
body of troops into Ireland, to the
assistance of Sictryg with the silken
beard, who was then making war
on his father-in-law, Brian, King
of Dublin: the Earl and all his
forces were cut to pieces, and Sictryg
was in danger of a total defeat;
but the enemy had a greater loss
in the death of Brian their king,*

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who fell in the action. On Christmas-day (the day of the battle), a native of Scotland saw, at a distance, a number of persons on horse-back riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till looking through an opening in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic figures resembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove, they sung the following dreadful Song; which, when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped six to the north, and as many to the south. These were the Valkyriur, female divinities, servants of Odin (or Woden) in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies Choosers of the Slain. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands;

*and in the throng of battle selected
such as were destined to slaughter,
and conducted them to Valkalla,
the hall of Odin, or Paradise of
the Brave, where they attended
the banquet, and served the departed
heroes with horns of mead and ale.*

Now the storm begins to lower,
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare,)
Iron-sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glittering lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the grisly texture grow !
('Tis of human entrails made)
And the weights, that play below,
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipp'd in gore,
 Shoot the trembling cords along.
 Sword, that once a monarch bore,
 Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista, black terrific Maid,
 Sangrida, and Hilda, see!
 Join the wayward work to aid:
 'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
 Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
 Blade with clattering buckler meet,
 Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)
 Let us go, and let us fly,
 Where our friends the conflict share,
 Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of Fate we tread,
 Wading through th' ensanguined field,
 Gondula, and Gaira, spread
 O'er the youthful King your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
 Ours to kill, and ours to spare:
 Spite of danger he shall live.
 (Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert beach
 Pent within its bleak domain,
 Soon their ample sway shall stretch
 O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,
 Gored with many a gaping wound:
 Fate demands a nobler head;
 Soon a King shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin * weep,
 Ne'er again his likeness see;
 Long her strains in sorrow steep:
 Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
 Clouds of carnage blot the sun,

* Ireland.

Sisters, weave the web of death.—

Sisters, cease : the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!

Songs of joy and triumph sing!

Joy to the victorious bands ;

Triumph to the younger King!

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,

Learn the tenor of our song.

Scotland, through each winding vale

Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed :

Each her thundering faulchion wield :

Each bestride her sable steed.

Hurry, hurry to the field.

No. XLIV.

THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.——GRAY.

The original is to be found in Bartholinus, de causis contemnendae mortis; Hafniae, 1689, quarto.

Upreis Odinn allda gautr, etc.

U PROSE the King of Men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed:
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's drear abode.*
Him the Dog of Darkness spied;
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,

* *Nistheimr*, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle. Over it presided Hela, the Goddess of Death.

While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
 Foam and human gore distill'd:
 Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
 Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
 And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
 The Father of the powerful spell.
 Onward still his way he takes,
 (The groaning earth beneath him shakes,)
 Till full before his fearless eyes
 The portals nine of Hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
 By the moss-grown pile, he sate;
 Where long of yore to sleep was laid
 The dust of the prophetic Maid.
 Facing to the northern clime,
 Thrice he traced the Runic rhyme;
 Thrice pronounced, in accents dread,
 The thrilling verse that wakes the dead;
 Till from out the hollow ground
 Slowly breathed a sullen sound.

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms,
 presume

To break the quiet of the tomb?
 Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
 And drags me from the realms of night?
 Long on these mouldering bones have
 beat

The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
 The drenching dews, and driving rain!
 Let me, let me sleep again.
 Who is he, with voice unblest'd,
 Calls me from the bed of rest?

ODIN.

A traveller, to thee unknown,
 Is he that calls, a warrior's son.
 Thou the deeds of light shalt know;
 Tell me what is done below,
 For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread,
 Dress'd for whom yon golden bed?

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet see
 The pure bev'rage of the bee;
 O'er it hangs the shield of gold;
 'Tis the drink of Balder bold:
 Balder's head to death is given.

Pain can reach the Sons of Heaven !
 Unwilling I my lips unclose :
 Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey.
 Prophetess, arise, and say,
 What dangers Odin's child await,
 Who the author of his fate?

PROPHETESS.

In Hoder's hand the Hero's doom;
 His brother sends him to the tomb.
 Now my weary lips I close :
 Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Prophetess, my spell obey,
 Once again arise, and say,
 Who th' Avenger of his guilt,
 By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt?

PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the west,
 By Odin's fierce embrace compress'd,
 A wond'rous boy shall Rinda bear,
 Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,

Nor wash his visage in the stream,
 Nor see the sun's departing beam,
 Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile,
 Flaming on the funeral pile.
 Now my weary lips I close,
 Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Yet awhile my call obey;
 Prophetess, awake, and say,
 What Virgins these, in speechless woe,
 That bend to earth their solemn brow,
 That their flaxen tresses tear,
 And snowy veils, that float in air.
 Tell me whence their sorrows rose:
 Then I leave thee to repose.

PROPHETESS.

Ha! no Traveller art thou.
 King of Men, I know thee now;
 Mightiest of a mighty line—

ODIN.

No boding Maid of skill divine
 Art thou, nor Prophetess of good;
 But mother of the giant-brood!

PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
 That never shall inquirer come
 To break my iron sleep again:
 Till Lok * has burst his ten-fold chain;
 Never, till substantial Night
 Has reassumed her ancient right;
 Till wrapp'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
 Sinks the fabric of the world.

* *Lok* is the Evil Being, who continues in chain till the *Twilight of the Gods* approaches; when he shall break his bonds; the human race, the stars, and sun, shall disappear; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies: even Odin himself, and his kindred deities, shall perish. For a further explanation of this mythology, see "Introduction à l'Histoire de Dannemarc, par M. Mallet," 1755, quarto; or rather a translation of it published in 1770, and entitled, "Northern Antiquities;" in which some mistakes in the original are judiciously corrected.

No. XLV.

THE WITCH OF WOKEY.

DR. HARRINGTON.

Wokey-hole is a noted cavern in Somersetshire, which has given birth to as many wild fanciful stories as the Sybils' Cave, in Italy. Through a very narrow entrance, it opens into a very large vault, the roof whereof, either on account of its height, or the thickness of the gloom, cannot be discovered by the light of torches. It goes winding a great way under ground, is crost by a stream of very cold water, and is all horrid with broken pieces of rock: many of these are evident petrifications; which, on account of their singular forms, have given rise to the fables alluded to in this poem.

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In ancient days tradition shows
A base and wicked elf arose,
The Witch of Wokey hight :
Oft have I heard the fearful tale
From Sue and Roger of the vale,
On some long winter's night.

Deep in the dreary dismal cell,
Which seem'd and was ycleped hell,
This blear-eyed Hag did hide :
Nine wicked elves, as legends sayn,
She chose to form her guardian train,
And kennel near her side.

Here screeching owls oft made their nest,
While wolves its craggy sides possest,
Night-howling thro' the rock :
No wholesome herb could here be found ;
She blasted every plant around,
And blister'd every flock.

Her haggard face was foul to see ;
Her mouth unmeet a mouth to be ;

Her eyes of deadly leer,
 She naught devised, but neighbour's ill;
 She wreak'd on all her wayward will,
 And marr'd all goodly cheer.

All in her prime, have poets sung,
 No gaudy youth, gallant and young,
 E'er blest her longing arms;
 And hence arose her spight to vex,
 And blast the youth of either sex,
 By dint of hellish charms.

From Glaston came a learned wight,
 Full bent to marr her fell despight,
 And well he did, I ween:
 Such mischief never had been known,
 And, since his mickle learning shown,
 Such mischief ne'er has been.

He chanted out his godly book,
 He crost the water, blest the brook,
 Then—pater noster done,—
 The gastly Hag he sprinkled o'er;

When lo! where stood a hag before,
Now stood a ghastly stone.

Full well 'tis known adown the dale;
Tho' passing strange indeed the tale,
And doubtful may appear,
I'm bold to say, there's never a one,
That has not seen the witch in stone;
With all her household gear.

But tho' this learned Clerk did well;
With grieved heart, alas! I tell,
She left this curse behind:
That Wokey-nymphs forsaken quite,
Tho' sense and beauty both unite,
Should find no leman king.

For lo! even, as the Fiend did say,
The sex have found it to this day,
That men are wondrous scant:
Here's beauty, wit, and sense combined,
With all that's good and virtuous join'd,
Yet hardly one gallant.

Shall then such maids unpitied moan?
 They might as well, like her, be stone,
 As thus forsaken dwell.

Since Glaston now can boast no clerks,
 Come down from Oxenford, ye sparks,
 And, oh! revoke the spell.

Yet stay—nor thus despond, ye fair;
 Virtue's the gods' peculiar care;

I hear the gracious voice:

Your sex shall soon be blest again,
 We only wait to find such men,
 As best deserve your choice.

No. XLVI.

THE MARRIAGE OF SIR
GAWAINE.*From "Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry."**PART I.*

KING Arthur lives in merry Carlisle,
And seemly is to see;
And there with him Queen Guenever,
That bride so bright of blee.

And there with him Queen Guen'ever,
That bride so bright in bow'r:
And all his barons about him stood,
That were both stiff and stow'r.

The King a royal Christmass kept,
With mirth and princely cheer;

To him repaired many a knight,
That came both far and near.

And when they were to dinner set,
And cups went freely round;
Before them came a fair damselle,
And knelt upon the ground.

—“A boon, a boon, O king Arthure,
“I beg a boon of thee;
“Avenge me of a carlish knight,
“Who hath shent my love and me.

“At Tearne-Wadling * his castle stands,
“Near to that lake so fair,

* Tearne-Wadling is the name of a small lake near Hasketh in Cumberland, on the road from Penrith to Carlisle. There is a tradition, that an old castle once stood near the lake, the remains of which were not long since visible. Tearn, in the dialect of that country, signifies a small lake, and is still in use.

“And proudly rise the battlements,

“And streamers deck the air.

“No gentle knight, nor lady gay,

“May pass that castle-wall:

“But from that foul discourteous knight,

“Mishap will them befall.

“He’s twice the size of common men,

“With thews, and sinews strong,

“And on his back he bears a club,

“That is both thick and long.

“This grim Barone ’twas our hard hap,

“But yester morn to see;

“When to his bow’r he bare my love,

“And sore misused me.

“And when I told him, King Arthure

“As little should him spare;

“Go tell, said he, that cuckold king,

“To meet me if he dare.”—

Up then started King Arthùre,
 And sware by hill and dale,
 He ne'er would quit that grim Baròne,
 Till he had made him quail.

“Go fetch my sword Excalibar:

“Go saddle me my steed;

“Now, by my fay, that grim Baròne

“Shall rue this ruthless deed.

And when he came to Tearne-Wadling
 Beneath the castle wall:

“Come forth; come forth; thou proud
 Baròne,

“Or yield thyself my thrall.”

On magic ground that castle stood,

And fenced with many a spell:

No valiant knight could tread thereon,

But straight his courage fell.

Forth then rush'd that carlish Knight,

King Arthur felt the charm:

His sturdy sinews lost their strength,
Down sunk his feeble arm.

—“Now yield thee, yield thee, King
Arthùre,

“Now yield thee unto me;

“Or fight with me, or lose thy land,

“No better terms may be.

“Unless thou swear upon the rood,

“And promise on thy fay,

“Here to return to Tearne-Wadling,

“Upon the new-year’s day;

“And bring me word what thing it is

“All women most desire;

“This is thy ransom, Arthur,” he says,

“I’ll have no other hire.”—

King Arthur then held up his hand,

And sware upon his fay,

Then took his leave of the grim Baròne

And fast he rode away.

And he rode east, and he rode west,
And did of all inquire,
What thing it is all women crave,
And what they most desire.

Some told him riches, pomp, or state;
Some raiment fine and bright;
Some told him mirth; some flattery;
And some a jolly knight.

In letters all King Arthur wrote,
And seal'd them with his ring:
But still his mind was held in doubt,
Each told a different thing.

As ruthful he rode over a moor,
He saw a Lady set
Between an oak, and a green holléye,
All clad in red scarlét.

Her nose was crook'd and turn'd outwârd,
Her chin stood all awry;

And where as should have been her

mouth,

Lo ! there was set her eye:

Her hairs, like serpents, clung about

Her cheeks of deadly hew:

A worse-form'd lady than she was,

No man might ever view.

To hail the King in seemly sort

This lady was full fain;

But King Arthùre all sore amaz'd,

No answer made again.

—“What wight art thou,” the Lady

said,

“That wilt not speak to me;

“Sir, I may chance to ease thy pain,

“Though I be foul to see.

—“If thou wilt ease my pain,” he said,

“And help me in my need;

“Ask what thou wilt, thou grim Ladyè,

“And it shall be thy meed.”—

—“O swear me this upon the rood,

“And promise on thy fay;

“And here the secret I will tell,

“That shall thy ransom pay.”—

King Arthur promised on his fay,

And sware upon the rood:

The secret then the Lady told,

As lightly well she could,

—“Now this shall be my pay,” sir King,

“And this my guerdon be,

“That some young fair and courtly
knight,

“Thou bring to marry me.”—

Fast then pricked King Arthùre

O’er hill, and dale, and down:

And soon he found the Baron’s bow’r,

And soon the grim Baroûne.

He bare his club upon his back,

He stood both stiff and strong;

And, when he had the letters read,
 Away the letters flung.

—“Now yield thee, Arthur, and thy lands,
 “All forfeit unto me;
 “For this is not thy pay, sir King,
 “Nor may thy ransom be.”—

—“Yet hold thy hand, thou proud
 Barone,

“I pray thee hold thy hand;
 “And give me leave to speak once more
 “In rescue of my land.

“This morn, as I came over a moor,
 “I saw a Lady set
 “Between an oak, and a green hollèye,
 “All clad in red scarlèt;

“She says, all women will have their
 will,

“This is their chief desire;
 “Now yield, as thou art a Baron true,
 “That I have paid mine hire.”

—“An early vengeance light on her!”

The carlish Baron swore :

“She was my sister told thee this,

“And she’s a misshapen whore.

“But here I will make mine avow,

“To do her as ill a turn;

“For if ever I may that foul thief get,

“In a fire I will her burn.”—

PART II.

Homeward pricked King Arthure,

And a weary man was he;

And soon he met Queen Guenever,

That bride so bright of blee.

—“What news! what news! thou noble

King,

“How, Arthur, hast thou sped?

“Where hast thou hung the carlish

Knight?

“And where bestow’d his head?”—

—“The carlish Knight is safe for me,

“And free from mortal harm :

“On magic ground his castle stands,

“And fenced with many a charm.

“To bow to him I was full fain,

“And yield me to his hand ;

“And but for a lothly Lady, there

“I should have lost my land.

“And now this fills my heart with woe,

“And sorrow of my life ;

“I swore a young and courtly knight,

“Should marry her to his wife.”—

Then bespake him Sir Gawàine,

That was ever a gentle knight :

—“That lothly Lady I will wed ;

“Therefore be merry and light.”—

—“Now nay, now nay, good Sir

Gawàine ;

“My sister’s son ye be ;

“This lothly Lady’s all too grim,
 “And all too foul for ye.

“Her nose is crook’d, and turn’d out-
 ward;

“Her chin stands all awry;

“A worse form’d lady than she is

“Was never seen with eye.”—

—“What though her chin stand all
 awry,

“And she be foul to see:

“I’ll marry her, uncle, for thy sake,

“And I’ll thy ransom be.”—

—“Now thanks, now thanks, good
 Sir Gawaine;

“And a blessing thee betide!

“To-morrow we’ll have knights and
 squires,

“And we’ll go fetch thy bride.

“And we’ll have hawks, and we’ll
have hounds,

“To cover our intent;

“And we’ll away to the green forest,

“As we a hunting went.—

Sir Lancelot, Sir Stephen bold,

They rode with them that day;

And foremost of the company

There rode the steward Kay:

So did Sir Banier and Sir Bore,

And eke Sir Garratte keen;

Sir Tristram too, that gentle knight,

To the forest fresh and green.

And when they came to the green forest,

Beneath a fair holly tree,

There sate that Lady in red scarlèt

That unseemly was to see.

Sir Kay beheld that Lady’s face,

And look’d upon her sweer;

—“Whoever kisses that Lady,” he says,
 “Of his kiss he stands in fear.”—

Sir Kay beheld that Lady again,
 And look'd upon her snout;
 —“Whoever kisses that Lady,” he says,
 “Of his kiss he stands in doubt.”—

—“Peace, brother Kay,” said Sir Ga-
 waine,
 “And amend thee of thy life;
 “For there is a Knight amongst us all,
 “Must marry her to his wife.”—

—“What, marry this foul quean,” quoth
 Kay,
 “I' the devil's name anon;
 “Get me a wife wherever I may,
 “In sooth she shall be none.”—

Then some took up their hawks in haste,
 And some took up their hounds;
 And said they would not marry her,
 For cities, nor for towns,

Then bespake him King Arthure,
 And sware there by this day;
 —“For a little foul sight and misliking,
 “Ye shall not say her nay.”—

—“Peace, Lordings, peace;” Sir Ga-
 waine said;

“Nor make debate and strife;
 “This lothly Lady I will take,
 “And marry her to my wife.”—

—“Now thanks, now thanks, good Sir
 Gawaine,

“And a blessing be thy meed!
 “For as I am thine own ladye,
 “Thou never shalt rue this deed.”—

Then up they took that lothly Dame,
 And home anon they bring:
 And there Sir Gawaine he her wed,
 And married her with a ring.

And when they were in wed-bed laid,
 And all were done away;

—“Come turn to me, mine own wed-lord,
“Come turn to me, I pray.”—

Sir Gawaine scant could lift his head,
For sorrow and for care;
When, lo! instead of that lothly Dame,
He saw a young Lady fair.

Sweet blushes stain'd her rud-red cheek,
Her eyes were black as sloe:
The ripening cherry swell'd her lip,
And all her neck was snow.

Sir Gawaine kiss'd that Lady fair,
Lying upon the sheet:
And swore, as he was a true Knight,
The spice was never so sweet.

Sir Gawaine kiss'd that Lady bright,
Lying there by his side:
—“The fairest flower is not so fair:
“Thou never can'st be my bride.”—

—“I am thy bride, mine own dear Lord,

“The same which thou didst know,
 “That was so lothly, and was wont
 “Upon the wild moor to go.

“Now, gentle Gawaine, chuse,” quoth
 she,

“And make thy choice with care;
 “Whether by night, or else by day,
 “Shall I be foul or fair?”—

—“To have the foul still in the night,
 “When I with thee should play!
 “I had rather far, my lady dear,
 “To have thee foul by day.”—

—“What, when gay ladies go with
 their lords

“To drink the ale and wine;
 “Alas! then I must hide myself,
 “I must not go with mine?”—

—“My fair ladyè,” Sir Gawaine said,
 “I yield me to thy skill;

“Because thou art mine own ladyè

“Thou shalt have all thy will.”—

—“Now blessed be thou, sweet Gawàine,

“And the day that I thee see;

“For as thou seest me at this time,

“So shall I ever be.

“My father was an aged knight,

“And yet it chanced so,

“He took to wife a false ladyè,

“Which brought me to this woe.

“She witch’d me, being a fair young
maid,

“In the green forest to dwell;

“And there to abide in lothly shape,

“Most like a fiend of hell.

“Midst moors and mosses; woods, and
wilds;

“To lead a lonesome life:

“Till some young fair and courtly knight

“Would marry me to his wife:

“ Nor fully to gain mine own true shape,

— “ Such was her devilish skill ;

“ Until he would yield to be ruled by me,

“ And let me have all my will.

“ She witch’d my brother to a carlish
boor,

“ And made him stiff and strong :

“ And built him a bow’r on magic ground,

“ To live by rapine and wrong.

“ But now the spell is broken through,

“ And wrong is turn’d to right ;

“ Henceforth I shall be a fair ladyè,

“ And he be a gentle knight.”—

No. XLVII.

KING ARTHUR'S DEATH.

A FRAGMENT.

*From "Percy's Reliques of Ancient
English Poetry."*

ON Trinity Monday in the morn,
This sore battle was doom'd to be;
Where many a knight cried—"Well-
away!"—
Alack, it was the more pityè.

Ere the first crowing of the cock,
When as the King in his bed lay,
He thought Sir Gawaine to him came,*
And there to him these words did say.

* Sir Gawaine had been killed at Arthur's landing, on his return from abroad.

—“ Now , as you are mine uncle dear,
 “ And as you prize your life, this day
 “ O meet not with your foe in fight:
 “ Put off the battle , if ye may ;

“ For Sir Launcelot is now in France ,
 “ And with him many an hardy knight:
 “ Who will within this month be back,
 “ And will assist ye in the fight.”—

The King then call'd his nobles all,
 Before the breaking of the day ;
 And told them how Sir Gawaine came,
 And there to him these words did say.

His nobles all this counsel gave,
 That early in the morning, he
 Should send away an herald at arms,
 To ask a parley fair and free.

Then twelve good knights King Arthur
 chose,
 The best of all that with him were :

To parley with the foe in field,
And make with him agreement fair.

The King he charged all his host,
In readiness there to be;
But no man should no weapon stir,
Unless a sword drawn they should see.

And Mordred on the other part,
Twelve of his knights did likewise
bring;

The best of all his company,
To hold the parley with the King.

Sir Mordred also charged his host,
In readiness there to be;
But no man should no weapon stir,
But if a sword drawn they should see:

For he durst not his uncle trust,
Nor he his nephew, so to tell:
Alack! it was a woful case,
As ere in Christenty befel.

But when they were together met,
And both to fair accordance brought;
And a month's league between them set,
Before the battle should be fought;

An adder crept forth of a bush,
Stung one o' th' King's knights on
the knee:

Alack! it was a woful chance,
As ever was in Christenty.

When the Knight found him wounded
sore,

And saw the wild-worm hanging there;
His sword he from his scabbard drew:
A piteous case as ye shall hear.

For when the two hosts saw the sword,
They joined battle instantly;
Till of so many noble knights,
On one side there were left but three.

For all were slain that durst abide,
And but some few that fled away:

Ay me! it was a bloody field,
As ere was fought on summer's day.

Upon King Arthur's own partye,
Only himself escaped there,
And Lukyn Duke of Gloster free,
And the King's butler Bedevèr.

And when the King beheld his knights,
All dead and scattered on the mould;
The tears fast trickled down his face;
That manly face in fight so bold.

—"Now rest ye all, brave knights,
he said,

"So true and faithful to your trust:
"And must ye then, ye valiant hearts,
"Be left to moulder into dust!

"Most loyal have ye been to me,
"Most true and faithful unto death:
"And, oh! to raise ye up again,
"How freely could I yield my breath!

“But see the traitor’s yet alive,

“Lo where he stalks among the dead!

“Now bitterly he shall abyë:

“And vengeance fall upon his head.

“O stay, my liege,” then said the Duke;

“O stay for love and charity;

“Remember what the vision spake,

“Nor meet your foe, if it may be.

“O, stay me not, thou worthy wight,

“This debt my loyal knights I owe:

“Betide me life, betide me death,

“I will avenge them of their foe.”—

Then straight he grasp’d his trusty spear,

And on his horse then mounted he:

As his butler holpe him to his horse,

His bowels gushed to his knee.

—“Alas! then said the noble King,

“That I should live this sight to see!

“To see this good knight here be slain,

“All for his love in helping me!”—

He put his spear into his rest,
 And to Sir Mordred loud gan cry;
 —“Now set thyself upon thy guard,
 “For, traitor, now thy death is nigh.”—

Sir Mordred lifted up his sword,
 And fierce to meet the King ran he:
 The King his spear he through him thrust;
 A fathom thorough his bodyè.

When Mordred felt the stroke of death,
 And found that he was wounded so;
 He thrust himself upon the spear,
 And struck the King a deadly blow.

Then grimly died Sir Mordered,
 Presently upon that tree:
 And bloody streams ran from the King
 Ere to the Duke returned he.

Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake,
 —“Sir Knight, thou hast been faith-
 ful try'd,

“Now take my sword Excalibar,*

“That hangs so freely by my side:

“O take my sword Excalibar,

“And there into the river throw,

“For here, henceforth, beneath this tree,

“All use of weapons I forego.

“And fare thee well, thou trusty sword,

“A better ne’er had valiant knight,

“With thee full oft, and many a day,

“Have I withstood my foe in fight.

“With this good falchion in my hand,

“Oft have I reap’d the bloody field:

“But now the fatal hour is come,

“That never more I may thee wield.”—

The Duke to the river side he went,

And there his own sword in threw he:

But he kept back Excalibar,

He kept it back in privy.

* More commonly called, Caliburn.

For all of coleyne was the blade;
 And all the hilt of precious stone:
 —“And ever alack!” then said the
 Knight,
 “Must such a sword away be
 thrown?”—

Then back he came unto the King,
 Who said,—“Sir Lukyn, what did
 ye see?”—

—“Nothing, my liege, save that the wind
 “Blew o’er the waters fair and free.—

—“O go again,” then said the King,
 “O good Sir Lukyn, go again:
 “Into the river throw my sword,
 “Nor keep me lingering here in
 pain.”—

The Duke then to the river went,
 And the King’s scabbard in threw he;
 But he kept back Excalibar,
 And hid it underneath a tree.

Then back he came to tell the King,
 Who said,—“Sir Lukyn saw ye
 aught?”—

—“Nothing, my liege, save that the wind
 “Now with the angry waters fought.”—

—“O Lukyn, Lukyn,” said the King,
 “Twice hast thou dealt deceitfully:
 “Alack, whom may we ever trust,
 “When such a Knight so false can be?

“Say, would'st thou have thy master
 dead;

“All for a sword, that wins thine eye:
 “Now go again, and throw it in,
 “Or here the one of us shall die.”—

The Duke, all shent with this rebuke,
 No answer made unto the King:
 But to the river took the sword,
 And threw it far as he could fling.

A hand and arm did meet the sword,
 And flourish'd three times in the air;

Then sunk beneath the running stream,
And of the Duke was seen no mair.

All sore astonish'd stood the Duke ;

He stood as still, as still might be :
Then hasten'd back to tell the King :

But he was gone from under the tree.

But to what place he could not tell,

For never after he did him spy :

But he saw a barge go from the land,

And he heard ladies howl and cry.

And whether the King were there, or not,

He never knew, nor ever could :

For from that sad and direful day,

He never more was seen on mould.

No. XLVIII.

FAIR MARGARET AND
SWEET WILLIAM.

From “Percy’s Reliques of Ancient
English Poetry.”

As it fell out on a long summer’s day
Two lovers they sat on a hill;
They sat together that long summer’s day,
And could not talk their fill.

—“I see no harm by you, Margaret,
“And you see none by me;
“Before to-morrow at eight o’ the clock
“A rich wedding you shall see.”—

Fair Margaret sat in her bower-window,
Combing her yellow hair;
There she spied Sweet William and
his bride,
As they were a riding near.

Then down she laid her ivory comb,
 And braided her hair in twain:
 She went alive out of her bower,
 But ne'er came alive in't again.

When day was gone, and night was come,
 And all men fast asleep,
 Then came the spirit of Fair Marg'ret,
 And stood at William's feet.

—“Are you awake, Sweet William?
 she said;

“Or, Sweet William, are you asleep?
 “God give you joy of your gay bride-bed,
 “And me of my winding sheet.”—

When day was come, and night was gone,
 And all men wak'd from sleep,
 Sweet William to his lady said,

—“My dear, I have cause to weep:

“I dreamt a dream, my dear ladyè,
 “Such dreams are never good:

“I dreamt my bower was full of red wine,
 “And my bride-bed full of blood.”—

—“Such dreams, such dreams, my
 honored Sir,

“They never do prove good;
 “To dream thy bower was full of red
 wine,

“And thy bride-bed full of blood.”—

He called up his merry men all,

By one, by two, and by three,
 Saying,—“I’ll away to Fair Marg’ret’s
 bow’r,

“By the leave of my ladyè.”—

And when he came to Fair Marg’ret’s

bow’r,

He knocked at the ring;

And who so ready as her seven breth’ren

To let Sweet William in.

Then he turned up the covering-sheet,

—“Pray let me see the dead;

“Methinks she looks all pale and wan,
 “She hath lost her cherry red.

“I’ll do more for thee, Margarèt,
 “Than any of thy kin ;
 “For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,
 “Though a smile I cannot win.”—

With that bespake the seven brethrèn,
 Making most piteous moan :

—“You may go kiss your jolly brown
 bride,

“And let our sister alone.”—

“If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,

“I do but what is right ;

“I ne’er made a vow to yonder poor
 corpse

“By day, nor yet by night.

“Deal on, deal on, my merry men all,

Then came the clerk of the parish,
 As you the truth shall hear,
 And by misfortune cut them down,
 Or they had now been there.

No. XLIX.

SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST.

From Allan Ramsay's "Tea-table Miscellany."

THERE came a Ghost to Margaret's
door,

With many a grievous groan,
And ay he tirmed at the pin;
But answer made she none.

—"Is this my father Philip?

"Or is't my brother John?

"Or is't my true love Willie,

"From Scotland new come home?"—

—" 'Tis not thy father Philip;

"Nor yet thy brother John:

"But 'tis thy true love Willie

"From Scotland new come home.

“O sweet Margret! O dear Margret!

“I pray thee speak to me:

“Give me my faith and troth, Margret,

“As I gave it to thee.”—

—“Thy faith and troth thou shalt never
get,

“Of me shalt never win,

“Till that thou come within my bower,

“And kiss my cheek and chin.”—

—“If I should come within thy bower,

“I am no earthly man:

“And should I kiss thy rosy lip,

“Thy days will not be long.

“O sweet Margret, Oh dear Margret,

“I pray thee speak to me:

“Give me my faith and troth, Margret,

“As I gave it to thee.”—

“Thy faith and troth thou’lt never

get,

“Of me shalt never win,
“Till thou take me to yon hirkyard,
“And wed me with a ring.”—

“ My bones are buried in a kirkyard
 “ Afar beyond the sea,
 “ And it is but my sprite, Margret,
 “ That’s speaking now to thee.”—

She stretched out her lily-white hand,
 "As for to do her best :
 —"Have there your faith and troth,
 Willie,
 "God send your soul good rest."—

Now she has kilted her robes of green,
A piece below her knee :
And in the live-long winter night
The dead corpse followed she.

—“Is there any room at your head,
Willie?
“Or any room at your feet?”

“Or any room at your side, Willie,
 “Wherein that I may creep?”—

—“There’s no room at my head, Margret,
 “There’s no room at my feet;
 “There’s no room at my side, Margret,
 “My coffin is made so meet.”—

Then up and crew the red red cock,
 And up then crew the gray :
 —“Tis time, ’tis time, my dear Margret,
 “That I were gone away.”—

No more the Ghost to Margret said,
 But, with a grievous groan,
 Evanish’d in a cloud of mist,
 And left her all alone.

—“O stay, my only true love, stay,”—
 The constant Margret cried :
 Wan grew her cheeks, she clos’d her eyes,
 Stretch’d her soft limbs, and died.

No. L,

THE BOY AND THE
MANTLE.

From "Percy's Reliques of Ancient
English Poetry."

IN Carlilse dwelt King Arthur,
A prince of passing might;
And there maintain'd his table round,
Beset with many a knight.

And there he kept his Christmas
With mirth and princely cheer,
When, lo! a stranger and cunning boy
Before him did appear.

A kirtle, and a mantle,
This boy had him upon,
With brooches, rings, and owches,
Full daintily bedone.

He had a sark of silk
 About his middle meet;
 And thus, with seemly courtesy,
 He did King Arthur greet.

—“God speed thee, brave King Arthur,
 “Thus feasting in thy bow’r;
 “And Guenever thy goodly Queen,
 “That fair and peerless flow’r.

“Ye gallant Lords, and Lordings,
 “I wish you all take heed,
 “Lest, what ye deem a blooming rose
 “Should prove a cankred weed.”—

Then straightway from his bosom
 A little wand he drew;
 And with it eke a mantle
 Of wondrous shape, and hew.

—“Now have thou here, King Arthur,
 “Have this here of me,
 “And give unto thy comely Queen,
 “All-shapen as you see.

“No wife it shall become,
 “That once hath been to blame.”—
 Then every Knight in Arthur’s court
 Sly glanced at his dame.

And first came lady Guenever,
 The mantle she must trye.
 This dame, she was new-fangled,
 And of a roving eye.

When she had tak’n the mantle,
 And all was with it clad,
 From top to toe it shiver’d down,
 As tho’ with sheers beshred.

One while it was too long,
 Another while too short,
 And wrinkled on her shoulders
 In most unseemly sort.

Now green, now red it seemed,
 Then all of sable hue.
 —“Beshrew me,” quoth King Arthur,
 “I think thou beest not true.”—

Down she threw the mantle,
 Nor longer would she stay;
 But storming like a fury,
 To her chamber flung away.

She curst the whoreson weaver,
 That had the mantle wrought;
 And doubly curst the froward imp,
 Who thither it had brought.

—“I had rather live in deserts
 “Beneath the green-wood tree,
 “Than here, base King, among thy
 grooms,
 “The sport of them and thee.”—

Sir Kay call'd forth his Lady,
 And bade her to come near.

—“Yet dame, if thou be guilty,
 “I pray thee now forbear.”—

This lady pertly giggling,
 With forward step came on,

And boldly to the little boy
With fearless face is gone.

When she had tak'n the mantle,
With purpose for to wear:
It shrunk up to her shoulder,
And left her b—side bare.

Then every merry knight,
That was in Arthur's court,
Gibed, and laugh'd, and flouted,
To see that pleasant sport.

Down she threw the mantle,
No longer bold or gay,
But with a face all pale and wan,
To her chamber slunk away.

Then forth came an old knight,
A pattering o'er his creed;
And proffer'd to the little boy
Five nobles to his meed;

—“And all the time of Christmass

“ Plumb-porridge shall be thine ,
“ If thou wilt let my lady fair
“ Within the mantle shine.”—

A saint his lady seemed ,
With step demure , and slow ,
And gravely to the mantle
With mincing pace doth go .

When she the same had taken ,
That was so fine and thin ,
It shrivell'd all about her ,
And show'd her dainty skin .

Ah ! little did HER mincing ,
Or HIS long prayers bestead ;
She had no more hung on her
Than a tassel and a thread .

Down she threw the mantle ,
With terror and dismay ,
And , with a face of scarlet ,
To her chamber hied away .

Sir Cradock call'd his lady,
 And bade her to come near:
 —“Come win this mantle, lady,
 “And do me credit here.

“Come win this mantle, lady,
 “For now it shall be thine,
 “If thou hast never done amiss,
 “Sith first I made thee mine.”—

The lady gently blushing,
 With modest grace come on,
 And now to try the wond'rous charm
 Courageously is gone.

When she had tak'n the mantle,
 And put it on her back,
 About the hem it seemed
 To wrinkle and to crack.

—“Lie still, she cried, O mantle!
 “And shame me not for naught,
 “I'll freely own whate'er amiss,
 “Or blameful I have wrought.

For As. S. p. 65
 vol. I.

Now hotter, fiercer grows the fight,
Low sinks the pride of many a knight;
And, dyed in slaughter's crimson hue,
Torrents of gore their shields bedew;
From meeting weapons lightning gleams;
From gaping wounds the life-blood
streams:

With falling corpses groans the land,
And purple waves lash Storda's sand.

The warring heroes now confound
Buckler with buckler, wound with
wound:

As eager as were battle sport,
Renown they seek, and death they court;
Till, never more to rise, they fall
In myriads; while, to Odin's hall,
The daemon of the tempest brings
A blood stream on his sable wings.

Apart the hostile chiefs were placed,
Broken their swords, their helms unlaced;

Yet neither thought his fate would be,
The hall of Odin soon to see.

—“Great is the feast of gods to-day,”
Propp’d on her sword, did Gaundul say,
“Since to their table they invite
“Hacho, and all his chiefs from flight!”—

The fated monarch hears too plain,
How speaks the chooser of the slain;
Too plain beholds his startled eye,
On their black coursers mounted high
The immortal maids, who near him
stand,

Each propp’d on her resistless brand.

—“Goddess of Combat!” Hacho cries,
“Thus dost thou give the battle’s prize?
“And do then victory’s gods deny
“To view my arms with friendly eye?”—

—“Chide not!” fierce Skogul thus
replied,

“For conquest still shall grace thy side;

“There to drink mead in skulls of foes,
 “And at the feast of gods repose:
 “To greet thee at the magic gate,
 “E’en now eight hero-brothers wait,
 “With joyful eyes thy coming see,
 “And wish, thou foe of kings, for
 thee.”—

—“Yet be my sword,” the king replied,
 “Once more in Norman slaughter dyed;
 “Let me, as heroes should, expire,
 “And fall in fight, as fell my sire:
 “So shall my glory live, and fame
 “Shall long remember Hacho’s name.”—

He ceases, and to combat flies:
 He fights, he conquers, and he dies;
 But soon he finds what joys attend,
 Who dare in fight their days to end:
 Soon as he gains Valhalla’s gate,
 Eight heroes there to greet him wait;
 The gods a friend the monarch call,
 And welcome him to Odin’s hall.

No. LI.

ST. PATRICK'S PURGATORY.

In the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, is the following—"Owaine Myles is a Ballad, giving an account of the wonders of St. Patrick's Purgatory. This is a translation into verse, of the story related in Mat. Paris's Hist. sub Ann. 1152."—The version which is here offered to the Public is evidently modern: I am ignorant of the Author. I think the 19th stanza, in particular, has a great degree of merit.

—"Now enter in!"—the Prior cried,
—"And God, Sir Ouvain, be your guide!

"Your name shall live in story:

"Many there are who reach this shore,

"But few who venture to explore

"St. Patrick's Purgatory."—

Adown the deep and dark descent
 With cautious step Sir Ouvain went,
 And many a pray'r he pour'd;
 No helm had he, nor guardian crest,
 No hauberk mail'd the warrior's breast,
 Nor grasp'd he shield or sword.

The earth was moist beneath his tread,
 The damps fell heavy on his head,
 The air was piercing chill;
 And sudden shudd'ring o'er him came,
 And he could feel through all his frame
 An icy tremor thrill.

At length a dim and doubtful light
 Dawn'd welcome on th' advent'rer's
 sight;

Th' advent'rer hasten'd on.
 And now the warrior's steps attain
 To where a high and stately fane
 With gem-born radiance shone.

—"Come, enter here!"—the Warden
 cried,

“And God, oh Pilgrim, be your guide,

“Since you have reach'd this bourn!

“Enter, and take assistance due—

“’Twill then be time to welcome you,

“If ever you return.”—

Sir Ouvain pass'd the open gate,

The Warden him conducted straight

To where a coffin lay:

The train around in silence stands,

With fun'ral torches in their hands,

That gave a gloomy day.

—“Few pilgrims ever reach this bourn,

“Stranger! but fewer still return:

“Receive assistance due!

“Stranger, a dreadful hour is near:

“Cast off all mortal feelings here,

“This coffin is for you.

“Lie here, while we with pious breath

“Shall o'er you chant the dirge of
death,—

“ Best aid that we can give :
 “ The rites that wait the Christian dead
 “ Shall never o’er your corpse be said—
 “ Received them while you live.”—

Sir Ouvain in a shroud was drest,
 He held the cross upon his breast,
 And down he laid his head ;
 The funeral train enclos’d him round,
 And sung with deep and solemn sound
 The service of the dead.

—“ Now, go your way,”—the Warden
 cried,
 “ And God, oh Pilgrim, be your guide !
 “ Commend you to the Lord !”—
 Adown the deep and dark descent,
 With cautious step, the warrior went,
 And many a pray’r he pour’d.

Now deeper grew the dark descent,
 With timid step Sir Ouvain went—
 ’Twas silence all around ;

Save his own echoes through the cell,
 And the thick damps that frequent fell,
 With dull and heavy sound.

But colder now he felt the cell,
 Those heavy damps no longer fell,
 Thin grew the piercing air :
 And on the advent'rer's aching sight
 Far rose a pale and feeble light,—
 Th' advent'rer hasten'd there.

And now at length emerged to light,
 A frozen desert met his sight,
 A desert waste and wide ;
 Where rocks of ice piled mountain high,
 That towered into the sunless sky ,
 Appear'd on every side.

There many a wretch, with deadly fear,
 Ribb'd in the ice, he saw appear
 Alive in this their tomb ;
 Sir Ouvain's blood stood still with dread,

And then a voice in thunder said,
 —“Retire, or share their doom!”—

Awhile his heart forgot to beat,
 Then on he urged his falt’ring feet,
 And sought for strength in pray’r;
 Sudden, a pow’r, whose unseen hand
 No might of mortal could withstand,
 Upgrasp’d him by the hair;

And through the sky resistless swung,
 And full against an ice-rock flung;
 The ice encas’d him in:
 Thus by the arm of Dæmon thrown,
 He felt the crash of ev’ry bone,
 And still he lived within.

—“Now, mercy Christ!”—the warrior
 cried,
 Instant the rocks of ice divide,
 And ev’ry pain was gone;
 He felt new life in ev’ry limb,
 And raised to heav’n the grateful hymn,
 And fearless hasten’d on.

New fears, new dangers doom'd to meet,
For now a close and piercing heat

Relax'd each loosen'd limb ;
The sweat roll'd out from every part,
In short quick beatings toil'd his heart,
His throbbing eyes grew dim.

For through the wide and wasted land
A stream of fire, through banks of sand,
Its burning billows spread ;
The vapors , tremulously light,
Hung quiv'ring o'er the glowing white,
The air he breath'd was red.

Beyond a stately well arose ,—
He saw its crystal sides disclose
Green fields and shady trees ,
And running waters cool and clear ,
Whose murmurs reach'd his tortured ear,
Borne on the fiery breeze.

A voice in thunder cried—"Retire!"—
He look'd , and lo , a form of fire!

—“Return!”—the Dæmon said.
 His soul grew sick with deep alarm,
 The Fiend reach'd out his burning arm,
 And touch'd Sir Ouvain's head.

Sir Ouvain shriek'd—for then he felt
 His eye-balls burn, his marrow melt,
 His brain as liquid lead:
 And from his heart the boiling blood
 Roll'd fast an agonizing flood,
 Through limbs like iron red.

The anguish brought a brief despair,
 Then mindful of the aid of pray'r,
 He call'd on Christ again;
 Instant the gales of Eden came,
 At once they quench'd th' infernal flame,
 And heal'd each scorching vein.

To him, relieved from all his woes,
 The adamantine gates unclosed,
 Free entrance there was giv'n:
 And songs of triumph met his ear,

Enrapt Sir Ouvain seem'd to hear
The harmonies of heav'en.

—“ Welcome to this, the bless'd retreat,
“Thou who hast pass'd, with fearless feet,
“ St. Patrick's Purgatory ;
“ For after death these seats divine,
“ Reward eternal shall be thine ,
“ And thine eternal glory.”

Inebriate with the deep delight ,
Dim grew Sir Ouvain's swimming sight,
His senses died away ;
To life again revived, before
The entrance of the cave once more
He saw the light of day.

No. LII.

THE CINDER KING.

The following was sent me anonymously; the Reader will of course observe, that it is a burlesque imitation of the ballads of "the Erl-King," and "the Cloud-King."—

" **W**HO is it that sits in the kitchen,
and weeps,
" While tick goes the clock, and the
tabby-cat sleeps;
" That watches the grate, without ceasing
to spy,
" Whether purses or coffins will out of
it fly?"—

'Tis Betty; who saw the false tailor,
Bob Scott,
Lead a bride to the altar; which bride
she was not:

'Tis Betty ; determined , love from her
to fling ,
And woo , for his riches, the dark Cin-
der-King.

Now spent tallow-candle-grease fatten'd
the soil ;
And the blue-burning lamp had half
wasted its oil ,
And the black-beetle boldly came craw-
ling from far ,
And the red coals were sinking beneath
the third bar ;

When , "one" struck the clock—and
instead of the bird
Who used to sing cuckoo whene'er the
clock stirr'd ,
Out burst a grim raven , and utter'd
"caw ! caw !"
While puss , though she 'woke, durst
not put forth a claw.

Then the jack fell a-going as if one
 should sup,
 Then the hearth rock'd as though it would
 swallow one up;
 With fuel from hell, a strange coal-
 skuttle came,
 And a self-handled poker made fearful
 the flame.

A cinder shot from it, of size to amaze,
 (With a bounce, such as Betty ne'er
 heard in her days,)
 Thrice, serpent-like, hiss'd, as its heat
 fled away,
 And lo! something dark in a vast
 coffin lay.

—"Come Betty!"—quoth croaking that
 non-descript thing,
 —"Come bless the fond arms of your
 true Cinder-king!
 "Three more Kings, my brothers, are
 waiting to greet ye,

“Who,—don’t take it ill!—must at
four o’clock eat ye.

“My darling! it must be, do make
up your mind;

“We element brothers, united, and kind,

“Have a feast and a wedding, each
night of our lives,

“So constantly sup on each other’s new
wives.”—

In vain squall’d the cook-maid, and
pray’d not to wed;

Cinder craunch’d in her mouth, cinder
rain’d on her head,

She sank in the coffin with cinders
strewn o’er,

And coffin nor Betty saw man any more.

No. LIII.

THE BLEEDING NUN.

I am not a liberty to publish the name of the author of this Ballad: it is founded on the fourth chapter of the Romance of "Ambrosio, or the Monk."

WHERE yon proud turrets crown the
rock,

Seest thou a warrior stand?

He sighs to hear the castle clock

Say midnight is at hand.

It strikes, and now his lady fair

Comes tripping from her hall,

Her heart is rent by deep despair,

And tears in torrents fall.

—“Ah! woe is me,” my love, she
cried,

“What anguish wrings my heart:

“Ah! woe is me,” she said, and sigh’d,

“We must for ever part.

“Know, ere three day are past and
flown,

“(Tears choke the piteous tale!)

“A parent’s vow, till now unknown,

“Devotes me to the veil.”—

—“Not so, my Agnes!” Raymond cried,

“For leave thee will I never;

“Thou art mine, and I am thine,

“Body and soul for ever!

“Then quit thy cruel father’s bower,

“And fly, my love, with me.”—

—“Ah! how can I escape his power,

“Or who can set me free.

“I cannot leap yon wall so high,

“Nor swim the fosse with thee;

“I can but wring my hands, and sigh

“That none can set me free.”—

—“Now list, my lady, list, my love,

“I pray thee list to me,

“For I can all your fears remove,

“And I can set you free.

“Oft have you heard old Ellinore,

“Your nurse, with horror tell,

“How, robed in white, and stain'd with
gore,

“Appears a spectre fell,

“And each fifth year, at dead of night,

“Stalks through the castle gate,

“Which, by an ancient solemn rite,

“For her must open wait.

“Soon as to some far distant land,

“Retires to-morrow's sun,

“With torch and dagger in her hand,

“Appears the Bleeding Nun.

“Now you shall play the Bleeding Nun,

“Array'd in robes so white,

“And at the solemn hour of one,
 “Stalk forth to meet your knight.

“Our steeds shall bear us far away,
 “Beyond your father’s power,
 “And Agnes, long ere break of day,
 “Shall rest in Raymond’s bower.”—

—“My heart consents, it must be done,
 —“Father, ’tis your decree,—
 “And I will play the Bleeding Nun,
 “And fly, my love, with thee.

“For I am thine,” fair Agnes cried,
 “And leave thee will I never;
 “I am thine, and thou art mine,
 “Body and soul for ever!”—

Fair Agnes sat within her bower,
 Array’d in robes so white,
 And waited the long wish’d for hour,
 When she should meet her knight.

And Raymond, as the clock struck one,
 Before the castle stood;
 And soon came forth his lovely Nun,
 Her white robes stain'd in blood.

He bore her in his arms away,
 And placed her on her steed;
 And to the maid he thus did say,
 As on they rode with speed:

—“Oh Agnes! Agnes! thou art mine,
 “And leave thee will I never;
 “Thou art mine, and I am thine,
 “Body and soul for ever!”—

—“Oh Raymond! Raymond, I am thine,
 “And leave thee will I never;
 “I am thine, and thou art mine,
 “Body and soul for ever!”—

At length,—“We're safe!”—the warrior
 cried;

“Sweet love abate thy speed;”—

But madly still she onwards hied
Nor seem'd his call to heed.

Through wood and wild, they speed
their way,

Then sweep along the plain,
And almost at the break of day,
The Danube's banks they gain.

—“Now stop ye, Raymond, stop ye
here,

“And view the farther side;

“Dismount, and say Sir Knight, do'st
fear,

“With me to stem the tide.”—

Now on the utmost brink they stand,
And gaze upon the flood,
She seized Don Raymond by the hand,
Her grasp it froze his blood.

A whirling blast from off the stream
Threw back the maiden's veil;

Don Raymond gave a hideous scream,
And felt his spirits fail.

Then down his limbs, in strange affright,
Cold dews to pour begun:
No Agnes met his shudd'ring sight,
—"God! 'Tis the Bleeding Nun!"—

A form of more than mortal size,
All gastly, pale, and dead,
Fix'd on the Knight her livid eyes,
And thus the Spectre said.

—"Oh Raymond! Raymond! I am thine,
"And leave the will I never;
"I am thine, and thou art mine,
"Body and soul for ever!"—

Don Raymond shrieks, he faints; the
blood
Ran cold in every vein,
He sank into the roaring flood,
And never rose again!

No. LIV.

THE
LAIDLEY* WORM OF SPIND-
LESTONE HEUGHS.

I have seen another version of this story, with some variations, under the title of Kempion; the one, which I here insert, in my opinion, is by far the best of the two. It is taken from the 3d volume of "Evans's Old Ballads."

THE King is gone from Bamborough
castle :

Long may the Princess mourn,
Long may she stand on the castle wall,
Looking for his return.

* This is a northern corruption for loathly, i. e. loathsome: *worm* means *serpent*.

She has knotted the keys upon a string,
 And with her she has them ta'en;
 She has cast them o'er her left shoulder,
 And to the gate she is gane.

She tripped out, she tripped in,
 She tript into the yard;
 But it was more for the King's sake,
 Than for the Queen's regard.

It fell out on a day, the King
 Brought the Queen with him home;
 And all the lords in our country
 To welcome them did come.

—"Oh! welcome father," the lady cries,
 "Unto you halls and bowers;
 "And so are you, my step-mother,
 "For all that is here is yours."—

A lord said, wond'ring while she spake,
 —"This Princess of the north,
 "Surpasses all of female kind,
 "In beauty and in worth."—

The envious Queen replied,—“at least

“You might have excepted me;

“In a few hours I will her bring

“Down to a low degree.

“I will liken her to a laidley worm,

“That warps about the stone,

“And not, till Childy Wynd † comes
back,

“Shall she again be won.”—

The Princess stood at her bower door,
Laughing: who could her blame?

But e'er the next day's sun went down,
A long worm she became.

For seven miles east, and seven miles
west,

And seven miles north and south,

† There is now a street called the
Wynd, at Bamborough.

No blade of grass or corn could grow,
 So venomous was her mouth.

The milk of seven stately cows,
 (It was costly her to keep,)
 Was brought her daily, which she drank
 Before she went to sleep.

At this day may be seen the cave,
 Which held her folded up,
 And the stone trough, the very same,
 Out of which she did sup.

Word went east, and word went west,
 And word is gone over the sea,
 That a laidley worm in Spindleston
 Heughs
 Would ruin the north country.

Word went east, and word went west,
 And over the sea did go;
 The Child of Wynd got wit of it,
 Which filled his heart with woe.

He called straight his merry men all,

They thirty were and three;

—"I wish I were at Spindlestone,

"This desperate worm to see.

"We have no time now here to waste,

"Hence quickly let us sail;

"My only sister Margaret

"Something I fear doth ail."—

They built a ship without delay,

With masts of the rown tree,*

With fluttering sails of silk so fine.

And set her on the sea.

They went aboard : the wind with speed

Blew them along the deep;

At length they spied an huge square tower

On a rock high and steep.

The sea was smooth, the weather clear;

When they approached nigher,

* Mountain ash.

King Ida's castle they well knew ,
And the banks of Bamboroughshire.

The Queen look'd out at bower window,
To see what she could see ;
There she espied a gallant ship
Sailing upon the sea.

When she beheld the silken sails
Full glancing in the sun ,
To sink the ship she sent away
Her witch-wives every one.

Their spells were vain. The hags return'd
To the Queen in sorrowful mood ,
Crying , that witches have no power
Where there is rown-tree wood,

Her last effort—she sent a boat ,
Which in the haven lay ,
With armed men to board the ship ;
But they were driven away.

The worm leapt up, the worm leapt down,
 She plaited round the stone;
 And as the ship came to the land,
 She bang'd it off again.

The Child then ran out of her reach,
 The ship on Budle sand,
 And, jumping into the shallow sea,
 Securely got to land.

And now he drew his bonny brown sword,
 And laid it on her head,
 And swore if she did hasten to him,
 That he would strike her dead.

—“O! quit thy sword, and bent thy bow,
 “And give me kisses three;
 “For though I am a pois'nous worm,
 “No hurt will I do to thee.

“Oh! quit thy sword and bend thy bow,
 “And give me kisses three;
 “If I am not won e'er the sun go down,
 “Won I shall never be.”—

He quitted his sword, he bent his bow,
 He gave her kisses three;
 She crept into a hole a worm,
 But stept out a lady.

No clothing had this lady fine
 To keep her from the cold;
 He took his mantle from him about,
 And round her did it fold.

He has his mantle from him about
 And it he wrapt her in;
 And they are up to Bamborough castle
 As fast as they can win.

His absence and her serpent shape
 The King had long deplor'd,
 He now rejoic'd to see them both
 Again to him restor'd.

The Queen they wanted, whom they
 found,
 All pale and sore afraid;

Because she knew her power must yield
To Childy Wynd's; who said,

—"Woe be to thee, thou wicked witch,
"An ill death may'st thou dee;
"As thou my sister hast likened,
"So likened shalt thou be.

"I will turn thee into a toad,
"That on the ground doth wend;
"And won and won shalt thou never be,
"Till this world hath an end."—

Now on the sands near Ida's tower,
She crawls a loathsome toad;
And venom spits on every maid
She meets upon the road.

The virgins all of Bamborough town
Will swear that they have seen
This spiteful toad of monstrous size,
Whilst walking they have been.

All folks believe, within the shire,
 This story to be true;
 And they all run to Spindleston,
 The cave and trough to view.

This fast now Duncan Frasier
 Of Cheviot sings in rhyme;
 Lest Bamboroughshire men should forget,
 Some part of it in time.

No. LV.

MARY'S DREAM.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill,
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed,
Her silver light on tower tree:
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy, far at sea,
When soft and low a voice was heard
Say,—“Mary weep no more for me.”—

She from her pillow gently raised
Her head, to ask, who there might be;
She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
With visage pale and hollow eye;
—“O! Mary dear, cold is my clay,
“It lies beneath a stormy sea;
“Far, far from thee, I sleep in death,
So Mary weep no more for me.

“ Three stormy nights, and stormy days,
 “ We toss’d upon the raging main;
 “ And long we strove our bark to save,
 “ But all our striving was in vain:
 “ E’en then when horror chill’d my blood,
 “ My heart was fill’d with love for
 thee;

“ The storm is past, and I at rest,
 “ So Mary, weep no more for me.

“ O Maiden dear, thyself prepare,
 “ We soon shall meet upon that shore,
 “ Where love is free from doubt and care,
 “ And thou and I shall part no more.”—

Loud crow’d the cock, the shadow fled,
 No more of Sandy could she see,
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 “ Sweet Mary, weep no more for me.”—

No. LVI.

CLERK COLVIN.

CLERK Colvin and his Lady gay,
 They walk'd in yonder garden sheen :
 The girdle round her middle jimp 1)
 Had cost Clerk Colvin crowns fifteen.

—“ Oh hearken well, my wedded Lord,
 “ Oh hearken well to what I say ;
 “ When ye go by the wells of Stone,
 “ Beware, ye touch no well-faced
 may.”— 2)

—“ Oh ! hold your tongue, my Lady gay,
 “ And hold my Lady gay, your din :
 “ Did I never yet see a fair woman,
 “ But with her body I would sin ?”—

1) *Jimp*, stays. 2) *May*, maiden.

Then he's rode on from his lady fair,
 Naught reeking what that lady said,
 And he's rode by the wells of Stone,
 Where washing was a bonny maid.

“Wash on! Wash on! my bonny maid!

“So clean ye wash your sark 1) of
 silk.”—

“And weel fa you 2), fair gentle knight,

“Whose skin is whiter far than
 milk!”—

He has ta'en her by the lily hand,

He has ta'en her by the grass-green
 sleeve,

And thrice has pried her bonny mouth, 3)

Nor of his lady speered he leave. 4)

1) *Sark*, shift. 2) *Weel fa you*, good
 luck to you. 3) *Pried her mouth*,
 kiss'd her mouth. 4) *Speered he leave*,
 asked her leave.

Soon as his mouth her lip had press'd,
His heart was fill'd with doubt and
dread ;

—"Ohan ! and alas !" Clerk Colvin says,
"Ohan , and alas ! What pains my
head?"—

—"Sir Knight, now take your little
penknife,

"And from my sark ye's cut a gare ; 1)
"Row 2) that around your face so pale,
"And o' the pain ye'll feel na mair." 3)—

Syne 4) out has he ta'en his little penknife,
And from her sark he cut a gare,
He row'd it around his face so pale,
But the pain increased still mair and
mair.

Then out, and spake the knight again,

1) *Gare*, a piece. 2) *Row*, wrap. 3) *Na mair*, no more. 4) *Syne*, then.

—“Alas more sorely throbs my
head!”—

And merrily did the mermaid laugh,

—“’Twill ever be wae, 1) till ye be
dead!”

He has drawn out his trusty blade,

All for to kill her where she stood,
But she was changed to a monstrous fish,

And quickly sprang into the flood.

He has mounted on his berry-brown steed,

And dowie, dowie, 2) on he rides,

Till he has reach’d Dunallan’s towers,

And there his mother dear resides.

—“Oh! mother, mother, make my bed,

“And lay me down, my fair ladyè,

“And brother dear, unbend my bow,

“’Twill never more be bent by me!”—

1) *Be wae*, be painful. 2) *Dowie*,
swiftly.

His mother, she has made his bed,
 She has laid him down, his fair ladyè;
 His brother has unbent his bow,
 And death has closed Clerk Colvin's
 eë! 1)

1) *Eë*, eye.

There is a great resemblance between
 this old Scotch Ballad, and the Danish tra-
 dition, of "*the Erl-King's Daughter*."

No. LVII.

WILLY'S LADY.

WILLY'S gone over the salt sea foam,
He has married a wife, and brought her
home;

He wooed her for her yellow hair,
But his mother wrought her mickle care;
And mickle dolor suffers she,
For lighter * she can never be;
But in her bow'r she sits with pain,
And Willy mourns over her in vain.

Then to his mother he speaks his mind,
That vile rank witch of foulest kind;
He says—"my lady has a cup,
"With gold, and silver all set up,
"The handles are of the ivory bones,
"And all set round with sparkling stones;

* i. e. Brought to bed.

“This goodly gift, she’ll give to thee,
 “If of her young born, she may lighter
 be.”—

—“Of her young born shall she never
 be lighter,

“Nor in her bow’r to shine the brighter,

“But she shall die, and turn to clay,

“And you shall wed another may.*”—

—“Another may I’ll never wed,

“Another may, I’ll never bed!”—

Then sorely did that lady sigh,

—“I wish my hour of death were nigh!

“Yet speak ye again to your mother
 your mind,

“That foul rank witch of cruel kind,

“And say your lady has a steed,

“The like of him’s not in the land of
 Leed;

“Of that horse’s main at every tress,

* *May*, maiden.

“There’s a silver bell and a golden jess;
 “This goodly gift I’ll give her with glee,
 “If of my young born I may lighter
 be.”—

—“Of her young born shall she never
 be lighter,

“Nor in her bow’r to shine the brighter;

“But she shall die and turn to clay,

“And you shall wed another may.”—

—“Another may I’ll never wed,

“Another may I’ll never bed!”—

Then evermore sigh’d that lady bright,

—“I wish my day had reach’d its
 night.”—

With that arose the Billy Blynde,*

And in good time spake he his mind,

—“Yet go ye to the market place,

“And there buy ye a loaf of wace, †

* A familiar spirit, or good genius.

† Wax.

“And who has ta’en down the bush of
woodbine,

“That hung between her bow’r and mine?

“And who has kill’d the master-kid,

“That ran below that lady’s bed?

“And who has her left shoe-string undone,

“And let that lady be light of her son?”—

Then Willy the nine witch knots unty’d,

That were among the locks of his bride;

And he has ta’en out the comb of care,

Which fasten’d his lady’s yellow hair,

And he has ta’en down the woodbine

flowers,

Which the witch had hung between

the bowers;

And he has slain the master-kid,

Which ran below that lady’s bed;

And he has the left shoe-string undone,

And let his lady be light of her son;

But when she heard that his lady was

light,

That foul rank witch, she burst for spite!

No. LVIII.

COURTEOUS KING JAMIE.

COURTEOUS King Jamie is gone to
the wood,

The fattest buck to find;

He chased the deer, and he chased the roe,

Till his friends were left behind.

He hunted over moss and moor,

And over hill and down,

Till he came to a ruined hunting hall

Was seven miles from a town.

He entered up the hunting hall,

To make him goodly cheer,

For of all the herds in the good green
wood,

He had slain the fairest deer.

He sat him down, with food and rest
His courage to restore;

When a rising wind was heard to sigh,
And an earthquake rock'd the floor.

And darkness cover'd the hunting hall,
Where he sat all at his meat;
The gray dogs howling left their food,
And crept to Jamie's feet.

And louder howl'd the rising storm,
And burst the fasten'd door,
And in there came a grisly Ghost,
Loud stamping on the floor.

Her head touch'd the roof-tree of the
house,

Her waist a child could span;
I wot, the look of her hollow eye
Would have scared the bravest man.

Her locks were like snakes, and her
teeth like stakes,

And her breath had a brimstone smell :
 I nothing know that she seem'd to be,
 But the Devil just come from Hell !

—“ Some meat ! some meat ! King Jamie,

“ Some meat now give to me ; ” —

—“ And to what meat in this house, lady,

“ Shall ye not welcome be ? ” —

—“ Oh ! ye must kill your berry-brown
 steed ,

“ And serve him up to me ! ” —

King Jamie has kill'd his berry-brown
 steed ,

Though it caused him mickle care ;
 The Ghost eat him up both flesh and bone,
 And left nothing but hoofs and hair.

—“ More meat ! more meat ! King Jamie,

“ More meat now give to me ; ” —

—“ And to what meat in this house lady,

“ Shall ye not welcome be ? ” —

—“Oh! ye must kill your good grey-
hounds,

“They’ll taste most daintily.”—

King Jamie has kill’d his good grey-
hounds,

Though it made his heart to fail;
The Ghost eat them all up one by one,
And left nothing but ears and tail.

—“A bed! a bed! King Jamie,

“Now make a bed for me!”—

—“And to what bed in this house, lady,

“Shall ye not welcome be?”—

—“Oh! ye must pull the heather so green,

“And make a soft bed for me.”—

King Jamie has pull’d the heather so
green,

And made for the Ghost a bed,
And over the heather, with courtesy rare,
His plaid hath he daintily spread.

—“Now swear! now swear! King Jamie,

“To take me for your bride;” —

—“Now heaven forbid!”—King Jamie
said,

“That ever the like betide,

“That the Devil so foul, just come from
Hell,

“Should stretch him by my side.”—

—“Now fy! now fy! King Jamie,

“I swear by the holy tree,

“I am no devil, or evil thing,

“However foul I be.

“Then yield! then yield! King Jamie,

“And take my bridegroom’s place,

“For shame shall light on the dastard
knight,

“Who refuses a lady’s grace.”—

Then quoth King Jamie, with a groan,

For his heart was big with care;

I have altered and added so much to this ballad, that I might almost claim it for my own.—It bears a great resemblance to the Tale of "*the Mariage of Sir Gawain*;" but the stories are related in a manner so totally different, that I did not think the resemblance so strong, as to destroy the interest of "King Jamie's adventure."

No. LIX.

TAM LIN.

Perhaps some information may be collected from the following extract from the Records of Justiciary in Scotland, respecting the popular superstition on which this ballad is founded. I have made some considerable alterations in the tale itself.

—“ *Alison Pearson, of Byre-hill,*
“ *confest, that she had haunted,*
“ *and repaired with the good neigh-*
“ *bours. (i. e. Fairies) and the Queen*
“ *of Elfland, divers years by past,*
“ *and that she had friends in that*
“ *court, which were of her own*
“ *blood. Item, that it was the good*
“ *neighbours, that cured her of her*
“ *disease, when she was twelve years*
“ *old, and that she saw them mak-*

*“ing their salves, with pans and
“fires; that they gathered the herbs
“before the sun was up; and that
“Mr. William Simpson was with
“him, who was her cousin. When
“he was about eight years of age,
“he was taken away to Egypt,
“by an Egyptian, who was a giant,
“and with him he remained twelve
“years, and then came home. He
“was a young man, not six years
“older than herself; and, it was
“he, who taught her what herbs
“were fit to cure every disease,
“and particularly taught her to
“make a posset, which she gave
“to the Bishop of St. Andrews,
“when sick; and, Mr. William
“Simpson told her that he had
“been carried away by the good
“neighbours, and bade her sign her-
“self, that she might not be taken
“away for the tiend of them who
“are taken to hell every year.”—*

The sole evidence against this poor creature, was her own confession, on the strength of which she was burned alive, in 1588.

—“ **O**N ! I forbid you, maidens all ,
 “ That wear gold in your hair,
 “ To come or go by Kerton-hall,
 “ For young Tam Lin, is there !

“ To the maid who goes by Kerton-hall,
 “ Some foul trick still is play’d ;
 “ She loses her ring or her mantle of green,
 “ Or returns not thence a maid.”—

Janet has belted her kirtle of green,
 A little above her knee,
 And she’s away to Kerton-hall,
 As fast as go can she.

And when she came to Kerton-hall,
 Tam Lin was at the well ;
 There she found his milk-white steed ,
 But he was away himsel.

And near her was a bonny bush
 Of roses, red and white,
 And tempting did those roses seem,
 And no one was in sight.

She pull'd a white, she pull'd a red,
 And ask'd no owner's leave;
 When lo! from the bush sprang young
 Tam Lin,
 And caught her by the sleeve.

—“Now Janet, say, who gave to thee,
 “Yon roses in thy hand,
 “And why comest thou to Kerton-hall,
 “Against my strict command?

“Who stole a rose from young Tam Lin,
 “Its price hath ever paid;
 “And the maid who came to Kerton-hall,
 “Never yet return'd a maid.”—

He fix'd on her his witching eye,
 He muttered elfin charms;

Her head grew light, her heart beat quick,
And she sank into his arms.

Janet has kilted her kirtle of green,
A little above her knee,
And she's away to her father's tower,
As fast as go can she.

Four and twenty ladies fair,
Were seen to play at ball,
And out then came fair Janet once,
The flower among them all.

Four and twenty ladies fair,
To play at chess were seen,
And out fair Janet came, her face
As any grass was green.

Out then spake an old grey knight,
As he lay on the castle wall,
And says—"Alas! fair Janet, for thee,
"Shall we now be blamed all."—

—“Now hold your tongue, ye old grey
knight,

“An ill death may ye see!

“Father my born whoever will,

“I’ll father none on thee!”—

Out then, spake her father dear,

And he spake so meek and mild;

—“And ever, alas! sweet Janet,”—

he says,

—“I think thou art with child!”—

—“If that I be with child, father,

“Myself must bear the blame;

“There’s never a lord about your hall,

“Shall bear my leman’s name.

“But if my love were an earthly knight,

“As he’s an elfin grey,

“For never a lord in the land, would I

“My true-love give away.

“The steed my true-love rides upon,

“Is lighter than the wind;
 “With silver he is shod before,
 “With burning gold behind.”—

Janet has kilted her kirtle of green,
 A little above her knee,
 And she's away to Kerton-hall,
 As fast as go can she.

And first she pull'd a white rose,
 And next she pull'd a red,
 And then from the bush sprang young
 Tam Lin,
 And thus to her he said.

—“Now Janet, say, who gave to thee
 “Yon roses in thy hand?
 “And why comest thou to Kerton-hall
 “Against my strict command?”—

—“Oh! tell me, tell me, Tam Lin,!”
 she says,
 “For his sake who died on tree,

“If ever in holy chapel ye were,
 “Or Christendom did see?”—

—“My grandsire he was Roxburgh’s earl,
 “And loved me passing well;
 “Seven years, alas! are nearly gone,
 “In hunting since I fell.

“The Queen of Fairies long had watch’d,
 “To work her wayward will,
 “She seized, and bore me straight away,
 “To dwell in yon green hill.

“And pleasant is the fairy land,
 “But doleful ’tis to tell,
 “That once in every seven years,
 “We pay a tiend * to hell;
 “And I’m so fair, and full of flesh,
 “I fear, ’twill be mysel!

“But the night is Hallow-eën, lady,
 “The morn is Hallow-day;

* *Tiend*, toll.

“So win me, win me, if you will,

“For if you will, you may.

“Just at the mirk, and midnight hour,

“The fairy-folk will ride,

“And they, who would their true-loves
know,

“At Miles-cross must abide.”—

—“But how shall I thee ken, Tam Lin,

“Or how my true-love know,

“Among so many stranger knights,

“With that rabble rout who go?”—

—“Oh! first let pass the black, lady,

“And then let pass the brown;

“But quickly run to the milk-white steed,

“And draw its rider down.

“For I shall ride on the milk-white steed,

“And be nearest to the town;

“Because I was an earthly knight,

“They give me that renown.

“ My right hand will be gloved, lady,

“ My left hand will be bare;

“ Cockt up shall be my bonnet blue,

“ Comb'd down my yellow hair;

“ And by these signs I give to thee,

“ Thou'lt know, that I am there.

“ They'll turn me into a snake in your
arms,

“ But hold me fast the rather;

“ Grasp me well, and fear me not,

“ That snake is your child's father.

“ They'll turn me into a bear so grim,

“ And into a tiger wild;

“ But hold me fast, and fear me not,

“ As you do love your child.

“ And last, they'll turn me, in your arms,

“ To a bar of burning steel;

“ Then throw me into the stream with
speed,

“ And thou no hurt shalt feel.

“ But there, in place of the burning bar,
“ A naked knight thou’lt see,
“ Then cover me with thy cloak of green,
“ And I’ll thy true-love be.”—

Airy, airy, was the way,
The night was dark and dread,
When Janet in her mantle green,
Alone to Miles-cross sped.

About the dead of night she heard
The fairy-bridles ring;
The lady was as glad at that,
As any earthly thing.

First she let the black pass by,
And next she let the brown,
But quickly ran to the milk-white steed,
And drew its rider down.

So well did she her task perform,
That she her love did win,
And blithe as birds in spring, she cast
Her mantle round Tam Lin.

Out then spake the Queen o' Fairies,
Out of a bush o' broom,
—"She that has gotten young Tam Lin,
"Has gotten a stately groom."—

Out then spake the Queen o' Fairies,
And an angry queen was she;
—"Shame betide her ill-fared face,
"And an ill death may she see;
"For she's ta'en away the bonniest
knight,
"In all my companye!

"But had I guest, Tam Lin," she said,
"What to-night is come to pass,
"I had scratch'd out thy two blue eyes,
"And put in two eyes of glass!"—

No. LX.

LENORA.

GERMAN.

This version of Bürger's well known ballad, was published in the Monthly Magazine, and I consider it as a master piece of translation; indeed as far as my opinion goes, the English ballad is, in point of merit, far superior, both in spirit and harmony, to the German, which is written in a stanza, producing an effect very unsatisfactory to the ear; that my Readers may judge of this for themselves, I shall here add a stanza similar to that in which Bürger's "Lenora" is written: I rather imagine, that the effect made by it upon others, is the same with that which it produced upon me,

since among the numerous translators of this ballad, not one has adopted the metre of the original.

(Lenora wakes at dawn of day,

Tears down her fair cheeks trickle :

—“Oh! why, my William, dost thou stay,
And art thou dead or fickle?”—

With Fred’rick’s host young William
went,

But since the fight of Prague he sent

No word to tell his speeding,

And sooth her bosom bleeding)

*I cannot but think, that the above
metre will be universally disapproved of, when compared with that
adopted in the following ballad.*

At break of day, with frightful dreams

Lenora struggled sore:

—“My William, art thou slain,” said
she,

“Or dost thou love no more?”—

He went abroad with Richard's host,
 The Paynim foes to quell;
 But he no word to her had writ,
 If he were sick or well.

With sound of trump and beat of drum,
 His fellow soldiers come;
 Their helms bedeck'd with oaken boughs,
 They seek their long'd-for home.

And ev'ry road, and ev'ry lane,
 Was full of old and young,
 To gaze at the rejoicing band,
 To hail with gladsome tongue.

—“Thank God!” their wives and chil-
 dren said;
 “Welcome!”—the brides did say:
 But greet or kiss Lenora gave
 To none upon that day.

She ask'd of all the passing train,
 For him she wish'd to see:

But none of all the passing train
 Could tell if lived he.

And when the soldiers all were by,
 She tore her raven hair,
 And cast herself upon the ground
 In furious despair.

Her mother ran and lift her up,
 And clasp'd her in her arm,
 —“My child, my child, what dost thou
 ail?”

“God shield thy life from harm!”—

—“O mother, mother! William's gone!

“What's all beside to me?

“There is no mercy, sure, above!

“All, all were spared but he!”—

—“Kneel down, thy paternoster say,

“'Twill calm thy troubled spright:

“The Lord is wise, the Lord is good;

“What he hath done is right.”—

—“O mother, mother! say not so;

“Most cruel is my fate:

“I pray’d, and pray’d, but what avail’d?

“’Tis now, alas! too late!”—

—“Our Heavenly Father, if we pray,

“Will help a suff’ring child:

“Go take the holy sacrament,

“So shall thy grief grow mild.”—

—“O mother, what I feel within,

“No sacrament can stay,

“No sacrament can teach the dead

“To bear the sight of day.”—

—“May be, among the heathen folk

“Thy William false doth prove,

“And puts away his faith and troth,

“And takes another love.”

“Then wherefore sorrow for his loss?

“Thy moans are all in vain;

“And when his soul and body part,

“His falsehood brings him pain.”—

—“O mother, mother! gone is gone,
 “My hope is all forlorn;
 “The grave my only safeguard is,
 “O, had I ne’er been born!

“Go out, go out, my lamp of life,
 “In grisly darkness die;
 “There is no mercy, sure, above!
 “For ever let me lie.”—

—“Almighty God! O do not judge
 “My poor unhappy child;
 “She knows not what her lips pronounce,
 “Her anguish makes her wild.

“My girl, forget thine earthly woe,
 “And think on God and bliss;
 “For so, at least, shall not thy soul
 “Its heavenly bridegroom miss.”—

“O mother, mother! what is bliss,
 “And what th’ infernal cell?

“With him ’tis heaven any where,
“Without my William, hell.

“Go out, go out, my lamp of life,
“In endless darkness die:
“Without him I must loath the earth,
“Without him scorn the sky.”—

And so despair did rave and rage
Athwart her boiling veins;
Against the providence of God
She hurl’d her impious strains.

She bet her breast, and wrung her hands,
And roll’d her tearless eye,
From rise of morn, till the pale stars
Again did freak the sky.

When hark! abroad she heard the tramp
Of nimble-hoofed steed;
She heard a knight with clank alight,
And climb the stair in speed.

And soon she heard a tinkling hand,

That twirled at the pin;
 And through her door, that open'd not,
 These words were breathed in.

—“What! what ho! ho! thy dore undo;

“Art watching or asleep?

“My love, dost yet remember me,

“And dost thou laugh, or weep?”—

—“Ah! William here so late at night!

“Oh! I have watch'd and waked,

“Whence dost thou come? for thy return

“My heart has sorely ached.”—

—“At midnight only we may ride;

“I come o'er land and sea;

“I mounted late, but soon I go,

“Arise, and come with me.”—

—“O William, enter first my bow'r,

“And give me one embrace:

“The blasts athwart the hawthorn hiss;

“Await a little space.”—

—“ Though blasts athwart the hawthorn
hiss.

“ I may not harbour here;

“ My spur is sharp, my courser paws,

“ My hour of flight is near.

“ All as thou liest upon thy couch,

“ Arise, and mount behind;

“ To-night we'll ride a thousand miles,

“ The bridal bed to find.”—

—“ How, ride to-night a thousand miles?

“ Thy love thou dost bemock:

“ Eleven is the stroke that still

“ Rings on within the clock.”—

—“ Look up, the moon is bright, and we

“ Outstride the earthly men;

“ I'll take thee to the bridal bed,

“ And night shall end but then.”—

—“ And where is, then, thy house and
home,

“ And where thy bridal bed?”—

—“’Tis narrow, silent, chilly, dark ;
 “Far hence I rest my head.”—

—“And is there any room for me,
 “Wherein that I may creep?”—

—“There’s room enough for thee and me,
 “Wherein that we may sleep.

“All as thou liest upon thy couch,
 “Arise, no longer stop ;

“The wedding guests thy coming wait,
 “The chamber door is ope.”—

All in her sark, as there she lay,
 Upon his horse she sprung,
 And with her lily hands so pale
 About her William clung.

And hurry-skurry forth they go,
 Unheeding wet or dry ;
 And horse and rider snort and blow,
 And sparkling pebbles fly.

How swift the flood, the mead, the wood,

Aright, aleft, are gone;
 The bridges thunder as they pass,
 But earthly sound is none.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speed,
 Splash, splash, across the sea :
 —“ Hurrah, the dead can ride apace ;
 “ Dost fear to ride with me ?

“ The moon is bright, and blue the night,
 “ Dost quake the blast to stem ?
 “ Dost shudder, maid, to seek the
 dead ? ” —

—“ No, no, but what of them ?

“ How glumly sounds yon dirgy song,
 “ Night-ravens flap the wing ;
 “ What knell doth slowly toll ding dong ?
 “ The psalms of death who sing ?

“ It creeps, the swarthy funeral train,
 “ The corse is on the bier ;
 “ Like croak of todes from lonely moors,
 “ The chant doth meet the ear.” —

—“Go, bear her corse when midnight’s
past,

“With song, and tear, and wail;

“I’ve got my wife, I take her home,

“My hour of wedlock hail,

“Lead forth, O clerk, the chanting quire,

“To swell our nuptial song;

“Come, priest, and read the blessing
soon,

“For bed, for bed we long.”—

They heed his call, and hush’d the sound,

The bier was seen no more;

And follow’d him or flew and fled

Yet faster than before.

Halloo! halloo! away they go,

Unheeding wet or dry;

And horse and rider snort and blow,

And sparkling pebbles fly.

How swift the hill, how swift the dale,

Aright, aleft, are gone;

By hedge and tree, by thorp and town,
They gallop, gallop on.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they
 speed,

Splash, splash, across the sea;

—“Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;

"Dost fear to ride with me?"

"Look up, look up, an airy crew,

“In roundel dances reel ;

“ The moon is bright, and blue the night,

“May’st dimly see them wheel.

"Come to, come to, ye gostly crew,

“Come to, and follow me,

“And dance for us the wedding dance,

“When we in bed shall be.”—

And brush, brush, brush, the gostly crew

Come wheeling o'er their heads,

All rustling like the wither'd leaves

That wide the whirlwind spreads.

Halloo ! halloo ! away they go ,
 Unheeding wet or dry ,
 And horse and rider snort and blow ,
 And sparkling pebbles fly.

And all that in the moonshine lay ,
 Behind them fled afar ;
 And backward scudded overhead ,
 The sky and every star.

Tramp , tramp , across the land they
 speed ,

Splash , splash , across the sea ;

—“ Hurrah ! the dead can ride apace ;

“ Dost fear to ride with me ?

“ I ween the cock prepares to crow ,

“ The sand will soon be run ;

“ I snuff the early morning air ,

“ Down , down ! our work is done.

“ The dead , the dead can ride apace ,

“ Our wed bed here is fit ;

“Our race is rid, our journey o’er,
“Our endless union knit.”—

And lo! an iron-grated gate
Soon biggens to their view;
He crackt his whip, the clanging bolts,
The doors asunder flew.

They pass, and ’twas on graves they trod,
—“’Tis hither we are bound;”—
And many a tombstone gostly white,
Lay in the moonshine round.

And when he from his steed alight,
His armour, black as cinder,
Did moulder, moulder all away,
As were it made of tinder.

His head became a naked skull,
Nor hair nor eyes had he;
His body grew a skeleton,
Whilome so blithe of blee.

And at his dry and bony heel

No spur was left to be;
And in his wither'd hand you might
The scythe and hour-glass see.

And lo ! his steed did thin to smoke ,
And charnal fires outbreath ;
And paled, and bleach'd, then vanish'd
quite ,
The maid from underneath.

And hollow howlings hung in air ,
And shrieks from vaults arose ;
Then knew the maid she might no more
Her living eyes uncloze.

But onward to the judgment seat,
Through mist and moonlight drear :
The ghostly crew , their flight pursue ,
And hollow in her ear.

—“Be patient, though thine heart should
break ,

“Arraign not heaven’s decree ;

“Thou now art of thy body left,

“Thy soul forgiven be!”—

End of the Tales of Wonder.

APPENDIX.

To make the present Volume as big as the first or second, I was so bold as to subjoin here at the end of "The Tales of Wonder," a small collection of some ancient and modern Ballads, which I hope will be as acceptable to the reader as the foregoing Tales have been. Not to tire the attention of the Reader I have inserted some humorous Pieces.

No. LXI.

ADMIRAL VERNON'S ANSWER

TO

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST.*

JOHN PRICE,

A Land-waiter in the Port of Poole.

HOSIER! with indignant sorrow,
I have heard thy mournful tale;

* See Vol. II. No. XXXV. p. 116.

And, if heav'n permit, to-morrow
Hence our warlike fleet shall sail.
O'er these hostile waves, wide roaming,
We will urge our bold design,
With the blood of thousands foaming,
For our country's wrongs and thine.

On that day, when each brave fellow,
Who now triumphs here with me,
Storm'd and plunder'd Porto-Bello,
All my thoughts were full of thee.
Thy disastrous fate alarm'd me ;
Fierce thy image glar'd on high,
And with gen'rous ardor warm'd me,
To revenge thy fall, or die.

From their lofty ships, descending,
Through the flood, in firm array;
To the destin'd city bending,
My lov'd sailors work'd their way.
Strait the foe, with horror trembling,
Quits in haste his batter'd walls;

And in accents, undissembling,

As he flies, for mercy calls.

Carthagenæ, tow'ring wonder!

At the daring deed dismay'd,
Shall ere-long by Britain's thunder,
Smoking in the dust be laid.

Thou, and these pale spectres sweeping,
Restless, o'er this watry round,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weep-
ing,

Pleas'd shall listen to the sound.

Still rememb'ring thy sad story,

To thy injur'd ghost I swear,
By my hopes of future glory,

War shall be my constant care:
And I ne'er will cease pursuing,
Spain's proud sons from sea to sea,
With just vengeance for thy ruin,
And for England sham'd in thee.

No. LXII.

GOODY BLAKE,

AND

HARRY GILL,

A TRUE STORY,

WHICH HAPPENED IN WARWICKSHIRE.

From "Lyrical Ballads."

OH! what's the matter? what's the
matter?

What is't that ails young Harry Gill?
That evermore his teeth they chatter,
Chatter, chatter, chatter still.

Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,
Good duffle grey, and flannel fine;
He has a blanket on his back,
And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and in July,
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;

The neighbours tell, and tell you truly,
 His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
 At night, and morning, and at noon,
 'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
 Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
 His teeth they chatter, chatter still.

Young Harry was a lusty drover,
 And who so stout of limb as he?
 His cheeks were red as ruddy clover,
 His voice was like the voice of three.
 Auld Goody Blake was old and poor,
 Ill fed she was, and thinly clad;
 And any man who pass'd her door,
 Might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling,
 And then her three hours' work at night!
 Alas! 'twas hardly worth the telling,
 It would not pay for candle-light.
 —This woman dwelt in Dorsetshire,
 Her hut was on a cold hill-side,
 And in that country coals are dear,
 For they come far by wind and tide.

By the same fire to boil their pottage,
 Two poor old dames, as I have known,
 Will often live in one small cottage,
 But she, poor woman, dwelt alone.

'Twas well enough when summer came,
 The long, warm, lightsome summer-day,
 Then at her door the *canty* dame
 Would sit, as any linnet gay.

But when the ice our streams did fetter,
 Oh! then how her old bones would shake!
 You would have said, if you had met her,
 'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake.
 Her evenings then were dull and dead;
 Sad case it was, as you may think,
 For very cold to go to bed,
 And then for cold not sleep a wink.

Oh joy for her! when e'er in winter
 The winds at night had made a rout,
 And scatter'd many a lusty splinter,
 And many a rotten bough about.
 Yet never had she, well or sick,

As every man who knew her says,
A pile before-hand, wood or stick,
Enough to warm her for three days.

Now, when the frost was past enduring,
And made her poor old bones to ache,
Could any thing be more alluring,
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?
And now and then it must be said,
When her old bones were cold and chill,
She left her fire, or left her bed,
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long suspected
This tresspass of old Goody Blake,
And vow'd that she should be detected,
And he on her would vengeance take.
And oft from his warm fire he'd go,
And to the fields his road would take,
And there, at night, in frost and snow,
He watch'd to seize old Goody Blake.

And once behind a rick of barley,

Thus looking out did Harry stand;
The moon was full and shining clearly,
And crisp with frost the stubble-land.
—He hears a noise—he's all awake—
Again?—on tip-toe down the hill
He softly creeps—'Tis Goody Blake,
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill.

Right glad was he when he beheld her:
Stick after stick did Goody pull,
He stood behind a bush of elder,
Till she had fill'd her apron full.
When with her load she turned about,
The by-road back again to take,
He started forward with a shout,
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her fast,
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
And cried, "I've caught you then at last!"
Then Goody, who had nothing said,
Her bundle from her lap let fall;

And kneeling on the sticks, she pray'd
To God that is the judge of all.

She pray'd, her wither'd hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm—
“God! who art never out of hearing,
“O may he never more be warm!”
The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray,
Young Harry heard what she had said,
And icy-cold he turned away.

He went complaining all the morrow
That he was cold and very chill:
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,
Alas! that day for Harry Gill!
That day he wore a riding-coat,
But not a whit the warmer he:
Another was on Thursday brought,
And ere the Sabbath he had three.

'Twas all in vain, a useless matter,
And blankets were about him pinn'd

Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter,
Like a loose casement in the wind.
And Harry's flesh it fell away;
And all who see him say 'tis plain,
That, live as long as live he may,
He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters,
A-bed, or up, to young or old;
But ever to himself he mutters,
“Poor Harry Gill is very cold.”
A-bed or up, by night or day,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,
Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill.

No. LXIII

THE

LAST OF THE FLOCK.

From "Lyrical Ballads."

In distant countries I have been,
And yet I have not often seen
A healthy man, a man full grown,
Weep in the public roads alone.
But such a one, on English ground,
And in the broad high-way, I met;
Along the broad high-way he came,
His cheeks with tears were wet.
Sturdy he seemed, though he was sad;
And in his arms a lamb he had.

He saw me, and he turned aside,
As if he wished himself to hide:
Then with his coat he made essay
To wipe those briny tears away.

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O

I follow'd him, and said, "My friend
"What ails you? wherefore weep you
so?"

—"Shame on me, Sir! This lusty lamb,
He makes my tears to flow.
To-day I fetched him from the rock;
He is the last of all my flock.

When I was young, a single man,
And after youthful follies ran,
Though little given to care and thought,
Yet, so it was, a ewe I bought;
And other sheep from her I raised,
As healthy sheep as you might see,
And then I married and was rich
As I could wish to be;
Of sheep I number'd a full score,
And every year increas'd my store.

Year after year my stock it grew,
And from this one, this single ewe,
Full fifty comely sheep I raised,
As sweet a flock as ever grazed!

Upon the mountain did they feed ;
 They throve, and we at home did thrive.
 —This lusty lamb of all my store
 Is all that is alive :
 And now I care not if we die ,
 And perish all of poverty.

Ten children , Sir ! had I to feed ,
 Hard labor in a time of need !
 My pride was tamed, and in our grief,
 I of the parish ask'd relief.
 They said I was a wealthy man ;
 My sheep upon the mountain fed ,
 And it was fit that thence I took
 Whereof to buy us bread : ”
 “ Do this ; how can we give to you , ”
 They cried, “ what to the poor is due ? ”

I sold a sheep as they had said ,
 And bought my little children bread ,
 And they were healthy with their food ;
 For me it never did me good.
 A woful time it was for me ,

To see the end of all my gains,
 The pretty flock which I had reared
 With all my care and pains,
 To see it melt like snow away!
 For me it was a woful day.

Another still! and still another!
 A little lamb, and then its mother!
 It was a vein that never stopp'd,
 Like blood-drops from my heart they
 dropp'd.

Till thirty were not left alive
 They dwindled, dwindled, one by one,
 And I may say that many a time
 I wished they all were gone:
 They dwindled one by one away;
 For me it was a woful day.

To wicked deeds I was inclined,
 And wicked fancies cross'd my mind,
 And every man I chanc'd to see,
 I thought he knew some ill of me.
 No peace, no comfort could I find,

No ease, within doors or without,
 And crazily, and wearily,
 I went my work about.
 Oft-times I thought to run away;
 For me it was a woful day.

Sir! 'twas a precious flock to me,
 As dear as my own children be;
 For daily with my growing store
 I loved my children more and more.
 Alas! it was an evil time;
 God cursed me in my sore distress,
 I prayed, yet every day I thought
 I loved my children less;
 And every week and every day,
 My flock, it seemed to melt away.

They dwindled, Sir, sad sight to see!
 From ten to five, from five to three,
 A lamb, a weather, and a ewe;
 And then at last, from three to two;
 And of my fifty, yesterday
 I had but only one,

And here it lies upon my arm,
 Alas! and I have none;
 To-day I fetched it from the rock;
 It is the last of all my flock."

No. LXIV.

THE MAD MOTHER.

From "Lyrical Ballads."

HER eyes are wild, her head is bare,
The sun has burnt her coal-black hair,
Her eyebrows have a rusty stain,
And she came far from over the main.
She has a baby on her arm,
Or else she were alone;
And underneath the hay-stack warm,
And on the greenwood stone,
She talked and sung the woods among;
And it was in the english tongue.

"Sweet babe! they say that I am mad,
But nay, my heart is far too glad;
And I am happy when I sing
Full many a sad and doleful thing:
Then, lovely baby, do not fear!
I pray thee have no fear of me,

But, safe as in a cradle, here
My lovely baby! thou shalt be,
To thee I know too much I owe;
I cannot work thee any woe.

A Fire was once within my brain;
And in my head a dull, dull pain;
And fiendish faces, one, two, three,
Hung at my breasts, and pulled at me.
But then there came a sight of joy;
It came at once to do me good;
I waked, and saw my little boy,
My little boy of flesh and blood;
Oh joy for me that sight to see!
For he was here, and only he.

Suck, little babe, oh suck again!
It cools my blood; it cools my brain;
Thy lips I feel them, baby! they
Draw from my heart the pain away.
Oh! press me with thy little hand;
It loosens something of my chest;
About that tight and deadly band

I feel thy little fingers press'd.
The breeze I see is in the tree;
It comes to cool my babe and me.

Oh! love me, love me, little boy!
Thou art thy mother's only joy;
And do not dread the waves below,
When o'er the sea-rock's edge we go;
The high crag cannot work me harm,
Nor leaping torrents when they howl;
The babe I carry on my arm,
He saves for me my precious soul;
Then happy lie, for blest am I;
Without me my sweet babe would die.

Then do not fear, my boy! for thee
Bold as a lion I will be;
And I will always be thy guide,
Through hollow snows and rivers wide.
I'll build a Indian bower; I know
The leaves that make the softest bed;
And if from me thou wilt not go,
But still be true 'till I am dead,

My pretty thing ! then thou shalt sing,
As merry as the birds in spring.

Thy father cares not for my breast,
'Tis thine, sweet baby, there to rest :
'Tis all thine own ! and if its hue
Be changed, that was so fair to view,
'Tis fair enough for thee, my dove !
My beauty, little child, is flown ;
But thou wilt live with me in love,
And what if my poor cheek be brown ?
'Tis well for me ; thou canst not see
How pale and wan it else would be.

Dread not their taunts, my little life !
I am thy father's wedded wife ;
And underneath the spreading tree
We two will live in honesty.
If his sweet boy he could forsake,
With me he never would have stay'd :
From him no harm my babe can take,
But he, poor man ! is wretched made,
And every day we two will pray
For him that's gone and far away.

I'll teach my boy the sweetest things ;
I'll teach him how the owlet sings.
My little babe , thy lips are still ,
And thou hast almost suck'd thy fill.
—Where art thou gone , my own dear
child ?

What wicked looks are those I see?
Alas! alas! that look so wild,
It never, never came from me:
If thou art mad, my pretty lad,
Then I must be for ever sad.

Oh ! smile on me , my little lamb !
For I thine own dear mother am.
My love for thee has well been tried :
I've sought thy father far and wide.
I know the poisons of the shade ,
I know the earth-nuts fit for food ;
Then , pretty dear , be not afraid ;
We'll find thy father in the wood.
Now laugh and be gay , to the woods
away !
And there , my babe , we'll live for aye.

No. LXV.

WE ARE SEVEN.

From "Lyrical Ballads."

A simple child, dear brother Jim,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl,
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That cluster'd round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair and very fair,
—Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
"How many may you be?"

“How many? seven in all,” she said,
And wondering looked at me.

“And where are they, I pray you tell?”

She answered, “Seven are we,

“And two of us at Conway dwell,

“And two are gone to sea.

“Two of us in the church-yard lie,

“My sister and my brother,

“And in the church-yard cottage, I

“Dwell near them with my mother.”

“You say that two at Conway dwell,

“And two are gone to sea,

“Yet you are seven; I pray you tell

“Sweet Maid, how this may be?”

Then did the little Maid reply,

“Seven boys and girls are we;

“Two of us in the church-yard lie,

“Beneath the church-yard tree.”

“ You run about, my little Maid ,

“ Your limbs they are alive ;

“ If two are in the church-yard laid ,

“ Then ye are only five.”

“ Their graves are green , they may be
seen ,”

The little Maid replied ,

“ Twelve steps or more from my mother’s
door ,

“ And they are side by side.

“ My stockings there I often knit ,

“ My ’kerchief there I hem ;

“ And there upon the ground I sit—

“ And sit and sing to them.

“ And often after sunset, Sir ,

“ When it is light and fair ,

“ I take my little porringer ,

“ And eat my supper there.

“ The first that died was little Jane ;

“ In bed she moaning lay ,

“Till God released her of her pain,
“And then she went away.

“So in the church-yard she was laid,
“And all the summer dry,
“Together round her grave we played,
“My brother John and I.

“And when the ground was white with
snow,

“And I could run and slide,
“My brother John was forced to go,
“And he lies by her side.”

“How many are you then,” said I,
“If they two are in Heaven?”
The little Maiden did reply,
“O Master! we are seven.”

“But they are dead; those who are dead!
“Their spirits are in Heaven!”

’Twas throwing words away; for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, “Nay, we are seven!”

No. LXVI.

THE IDIOT BOY.

From "Lyrical Ballads."

'Tis eight o' clock,—a clear March
night,
The moon is up—the sky is blue,
The owlet in the moonlight air,
He shouts from nobody knows where;
He lenghtens out his lonely shout,
Halloo ! halloo ! a long halloo !

—Why bustle thus about your door,
What means this bustle, Betty Foy ?
Why are you in this mighty fret ?
And why on horseback have you set
Him whom you love, your idiot boy ?

Beneath the moon that shines so bright,
Till she is tired, let Betty Foy
With girt and stirrup fiddle-faddle ;

He lived as kings retire, though more
 at large
 From public business, yet with equal
 charge;
 With house and heart still open to
 receive;
 As well content as love would give him
 leave:
 He would have lived more free; but
 many a guest
 Who could forsake the friend, pursued
 the feast.

It hapt one morning, as his fancy led,
 Before his usual hour he left his bed;
 To walk within a lonely lawn that stood
 On every side surrounded with a wood;
 Alone he walk'd, to please his pensive
 mind,
 And sought the deepest solitude to find;
 'Twas in a grove of spreading pines
 he stray'd;

The winds within the quivering branches
play'd,

And dancing trees a mornful music made.

The place itself was suiting to his care,

Uncouth and savage as the cruel fair.

He wander'd on, unknowing where he

went,

Lost in the wood, and all on love intent :

The day already half his race had run,

And summon'd him to due repast at noon,

But love could feel no hunger but his own.

Whilst listening to the murmuring
leaves he stood,

More than a mile immersed within the

wood,

At once the wind was laid : the whisper-
ing sound

Was dumb ; a rising earthquake rock'd
the ground ;

With deeper brown the grove was over-
spread ;

A sudden horror seized his giddy head,

And his ears tinkled, and his color fled,
Nature was in alarm; some danger nigh
Seem'd threaten'd, though unseen to
mortal eye.

Unused to fear, he summon'd all his soul,
And stood collected in himself, and
whole;

Not long: for soon a whirlwind rose
around,

And from afar he heard a screaming sound
As of a dame distress'd, who cried for aid,
And fill'd with loud laments the secret
shade.

A thicket close beside the grove there
stood,

With briers and brambles choked, and
dwarfish wood;

From thence the noise, which now
approaching near,

With more distinguish'd notes invades
his ear;

He raised his head, and saw a beau-
teous maid,

With hair dishevel'd, issuing through
the shade ;
Stripp'd of her clothes, and e'en those
parts reveal'd,
Which modest nature keeps from sight
conceal'd.
Her face, her hands, her naked limbs,
were torn,
With passing through the brakes, and
prickly thorn ;
Two mastiffs gaunt and grim her flight
pursued,
And oft their fasten'd fangs in blood
imbru'd :
Oft they came up, and pinch'd her
tender side,
—“ Mercy, O mercy, Heaven!”—she
ran and cried ;
When heaven was named, they loosed
their hold again,
Then sprang she forth, they follow'd
her amain.

That till full fifty yards were gone,
 He quite forgot his holly whip,
 And all his skill in horsemanship,
 Oh! happy, happy, happy John.

And Betty's standing at the door,
 And Betty's face with joy o'erflows,
 Proud of herself, and proud of him,
 She sees him in his travelling trim;
 How quietly her Johnny goes.

The silence of her idiot boy,
 What hopes it sends to Betty's heart!
 He's at the guide-post—he turns right,
 She watches till he's out of sight,
 And Betty will not then depart.

Burr, burr—now Johnny's lips they burr,
 As loud as any mill, or near it,
 Meek as a lamb the pony moves,
 And Johnny makes the noise he loves,
 And Betty listens, glad to hear it.

Away she hies to Susan Gale:

And Johnny's in a merry tune,
The owlets hoot, the owlets curr,
And Johnny's lips they burr, burr, burr,
And on he goes beneath the moon.

His steed and he right well agree,
For of this pony there's a rumor,
That should he lose his eyes and ears,
And should he live a thousand years,
He never will be out of humor.

But then he is a horse that thinks!
And when he thinks his pace is slack;
Now, though he knows poor Johnny well,
Yet for his life he cannot tell
What he has got upon his back.

So through the moonlight lanes they go,
And far into the moonlight dale;
And by the church, and o'er the down,
To bring a doctor from the town,
To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And Betty, now at Susan's side,

Is in the middle of her story,
What comfort Johnny soon will bring,
With many a most diverting thing,
Of Johnny's wit and Johnny's glory.

And Betty's still at Susan's side:
By this time she's not quite so flurried;
Demure with porringer and plate
She sits, as if in Susan's fate
Her life and soul were buried.

But Betty, poor good woman! she,
You plainly in her face may read it,
Could lend out of that moment's store
Five years of happiness or more,
To any that might need it.

But yet I guess that now and then
With Betty all was not so well,
And to the road she turns her ears,
And thence full many a sound she hears,
Which she to Susan will not tell.

Poor Susan moans, poor Susan groans,

“As sure as there’s a moon in heaven,”
 Cries Betty, “he’ll be back again;
 “They’ll both be here, ’tis almost ten,
 “They’ll both be here before eleven.”

Poor Susan moans, poor Susan groans,
 The clock gives warning for eleven;
 ’Tis on the stroke—“If Johnny’s near,”
 Quoth Betty “he will soon be here,
 “As sure as there’s a moon in heaven.”

The clock is on the stroke of twelve,
 And Johnny is not yet in sight,
 The moon’s in heaven, as Betty sees,
 But Betty is not quite at ease;
 And Susan had a dreadful night.

And Betty, half an hour ago,
 On Johnny vile reflections cast;
 “A little idle sauntering thing!”
 With other names, an endless string,
 But now that time is gone and past.

And Betty’s drooping at the heart,

That happy time all past and gone,
“How can it be he is so late?
“The doctor he has made him wait,
“Susan! they’ll both be here anon.”

And Susan’s growing worse and worse,
And Betty’s in a sad quandary;
And then there’s nobody to say
If she must go or she must stay:
—She’s in a sad quandary.

The clock is on the stroke of one;
But neither Doctor nor his guide
Appear along the moonlight road,
There’s neithter horse nor man abroad,
And Betty’s still at Susan’s side.

And Susan she begins to fear
Of sad mischances not a few,
That Johnny may perhaps be drown’d,
Or lost perhaps, and never found;
Which they must both for ever rue.

She prefaced half a hint of this
With, "God forbid it should be true!"

At the first word that Susan said
Cried Betty, rising from the bed,
"Susan, I'd gladly stay with you,

"I must be gone, I must away,

"Consider, Johnny's but half-wise;

"Susan, we must take care of him,

"If he is hurt in life or limb"—

"Oh God forbid!" poor Susan cries.

"What can I do?" says Betty, going,

"What can I do to ease your pain?

"Good Susan tell me, and I'll stay;

"I fear you're in a dreadful way,

"But I shall soon be back again."

"Good Betty go, good Betty go,

"There's nothing that can ease my pain."

Then off she hies, but with a prayer

That God poor Susan's life would spare,

Till she comes back again.

So through the moonlight lane she goes,
And far into the moonlight dale;
And how she ran, and how she walked,
And all that to herself she talked,
Would surely be a tedious tale.

In high and low, above, below,
In great and small, in round and square,
In tree and tower was Johnny seen,
In bush and brake, in black and green,
'Twas Johnny, Johnny, every where.

She's past the bridge that's in the dale,
And now the thought torments her sore,
Johnny perhaps his horse forsook,
To haunt the moon that's in the brook,
And never will be heard of more.

And now she's high upon the down,
Alone amid a prospect wide;
There's neither Johnny nor his horse,
Among the fern or in the gorse;
There's neither doctor nor his guide.

“ Oh saints ! what is become of him ?

“ Perhaps he’s climbed into an oak ,

“ Where he will stay till he is dead !

“ Or sadly he has been misled ,

“ And joined the wandering gypsey-folk.

“ Or him that wicked pony’s carried

“ To the dark cave , the goblins’ hall ,

“ Or in the castle he’s pursuing ,

“ Among the ghosts , his own undoing ;

“ Or playing with the waterfal.”

At poor old Susan then she railed ,

While to the town she posts away ;

“ If Susan had not been so ill ,

“ Alas ! I should have had him still ,

“ My Johnny , till my dying day.”

Poor Betty ! in this sad distemper ,

The doctor’s self would hardly spare ,

Unworthy things she talked and wild ,

Even he , of cattle the most mild ,

The pony had his share.

And now she's got into the town,
 And to the doctor's door she hies;
 'Tis silence all on every side;
 The town so long, the town so wide,
 Is silent as the skies.

And now she's at the doctor's door,
 She lifts the knocker, rap, rap, rap,
 The doctor at the casement shews,
 His glimmering eyes that peep and doze;
 And one hand rubs his old night-cap.

“Oh Doctor! Doctor! where's my
 Johnny?”

“I'm here, what is't you want with
 me?”

“Oh Sir! you know I'm Betty Foy,
 “And I have lost my poor dear boy,
 “You know him—him you often see;

“He's not so wise as some folks be,”
 “The devil take his wisdom! said
 The Doctor, looking somewhat grim,

“What, woman! should I know of
him?”

And, grumbling, he went back to bed.

“O woe is me! O woe is me!

“Here will I die; here will I die;

“I thought to find my Johnny here,

“But he is neither far nor near,

“Oh! what a wretched mother I!”

She stops, she stands, she looks about,

Which way to turn she cannot tell.

Poor Betty! it would ease her pain,

If she had heart to knock again;

—The clock strikes three—a dismal
knell!

Then up along the town she hies,

No wonder if her senses fail,

This piteous news so much it shock'd
her,

She quite forgot to send the Doctor,

To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And now she sits her down and weeps ;
Such tears she never shed before ;

“ Oh dear, dear pony ! my sweet joy !

“ Oh carry back my idiot boy !

“ And we will ne'er o'erload thee more.”

A thought is come into her head ;

“ The pony he is mild and good ,

“ And we have always used him well ;

“ Perhaps he's gone along the dell ,

“ And carried Johnny to the wood.”

Then up she springs as if on wings ;

She thinks no more of deadly sin ;

If Betty fifty ponds should see ,

The last of all her thoughts would be ,

To drown herself therein.

Oh reader ! now that I might tell

What Johnny and his horse are doing !

What they've been doing all this time ,

Oh could I put it into rhyme ,

A most delightful tale pursuing !

Perhaps, and no unlikely thought!
He with his pony now doth roam
The cliffs and peaks so high that are,
To lay his hand upon a star,
And in his pocket bring it home.

Perhaps he's turned himself about,
His face unto his horse's tail,
And still and mute, in wonder lost,
All like a silent horseman-ghost,
He travels on along the vale.

And now, perhaps, he's hunting sheep,
A fierce and dreadful hunter he!
Yon valley, that's so trim and green,
In five months' time, should he be seen,
A desert wilderness will be.

Perhaps, with head and heels on fire,
And like the very soul of evil,
He's galloping away, away,
And so he'll gallop on for aye,
The bane of all that dread the devil.

I to the muses have been bound,
These forty years, by strong indentures;
Oh gentle muses! let me tell
But half of what to him befel,
For sure he met with strange adventures.

Oh gentle muses! is this kind?
Why will ye thus my suit repel?
Why of your further aid bereave me?
And can you thus unfriended leave me?
Ye muses! whom I love so well.

Who's yon, that, near the waterfal,
Which thunders down with headlong
force,
Beneath the moon, yet shining fair,
As careless as if nothing were,
Sits upright on a feeding horse?

Unto his horse, that's feeding free,
He seems, I think, the rein to give;
Of moon or stars he takes no heed;
Of such we in romances read,
—'Tis Johnny! Johnny! as I live.

And that's the very pony too.
Where is she, where is Betty Foy?
She hardly can sustain her fears;
The roaring waterfal she hears,
And cannot find her idiot boy.

Your pony's worth his weight in gold,
Then calm your terrors, Betty Foy!
She's coming from among the trees,
And now, all full in view, she sees
Him whom she loves, her idiot boy.

And Betty sees the pony too:
Why stand you thus Good Betty Foy?
It is no goblin, 'tis no ghost,
'Tis he whom you so long have lost,
He whom you love, your idiot boy.

She looks again—her arms are up—
She screams—she cannot move for joy;
She darts as with a torrent's force,
She almost has o'erturned the horse,
And fast she holds her idiot boy.

And Johnny burrs and laughs aloud,
Whether in cunning or in joy,
I cannot tell; but while he laughs,
Betty a drunken pleasure quaffs,
To hear again her idiot boy.

And now she's at the pony's tail,
And now she's at the pony's head,
On that side now, and now on this,
And almost stifled with her bliss,
A few sad tears does Betty shed.

She kisses o'er and o'er again,
Him whom she loves, her idiot boy,
She's happy here, she's happy there,
She's uneasy every where;
Her limbs are all alive with joy.

She pats the pony, where or when
She knows not, happy Betty Foy!
The little pony glad may be,
But he his milder far than she,
You hardly can perceive his joy.

“O! Johnny, never mind the Doctor;
“You’ve done your best, and that is all.”
She took the reins, when this was said,
And gently turned the pony’s head
From the loud waterfal.

By this the stars were almost gone,
The moon was setting on the hill,
So pale you scarcely looked at her:
The little birds began to stir,
Though yet their tongues were still.

The pony, Betty, and her boy,
Wind slowly through the woody dale:
And who is she, betimes abroad,
That hobbles up the steep rough road?
Who is it, but old Susan Gale?

Long Susan lay deep lost in thought,
And many dreadful fears beset her,
Both for her messenger and nurse;
And as her mind grew worse and worse,
Her body it grew better.

She turned, she toss'd herself in bed :
On all sides doubts and terrors met her,
Point after point did she discuss ;
And while her mind was fighting thus,
Her body still grew better.

“ Alas ! what is become of them ?
“ These fears can never be endured,
“ I'll to the wood.”—The word scarce
said,

Did Susan rise up from her bed,
As if by magic cured.

Away she posts up hill and down,
And to the wood at length is come,
She spies her friends, she shouts a greet-
ing ;

Oh me ! it is a merry meeting,
As ever was in Christendom.

The owls have hardly sung their last,
While our four travellers homeward
went ;

The owls have hooted all night long,
And with the owls began my song,
And with the owls must end.

For while they all were travelling home,
Cried Betty, "Tell us Johnny, do,
"Where all this long night you have
been,
"What you have heard, what you have
seen,
"And Johnny, mind you tell us true."

Now Johnny all night long had heard
The owls in tuneful concert strive;
No doubt too he the moon had seen;
For in the moonlight he had been
From eight o' clock till five.

And thus to Betty's question, he
Made answer, like a traveller bold,
(His very words I give to you,)

"The cocks did crow to-whoo, to-whoo,
"And the sun did shine so cold."
—Thus answered Johnny in his glory,
And that was all his travel's story.

No. LXVII.

EARL WALTER.

Mrs. HAMPDEN PYE.

EARL Walter stroked his milk-white
steed,

His heart with courage beat;

When lo! a damsel—matchless fair!

Fell prostrate at his feet.

Behold, she cried, a ruined maid,

The victim of thy love,

And let thy Ellen's once-praised form,

Thy tender pity move.

The dreadful time draws on apace,

That must reveal my shame,

And can Earl Walter then consent

To murder Ellen's fame?

Ah! wretched infant, doomed to woe
Before thy natal hour,
Disgrace must be thy portion here,
Wronged Ellen's only dower.

The gallant youth was inly moved,
But coldly thus replied,
The cure that love perhaps disclaims,
My justice shall provide.

From north to south extended wide,
With fields and pastures fair,
Those plains to thee I freely give;
Bestow them on thy heir.

By me, she cried, more highly prized,
One kiss of that dear mouth,
Than all thy rich and fertile plains,
Extending north and south.

One glance of those deluding eyes
More rapture can bestow,
Than should our monarch quit his throne,
And that to me forego.

No more, fair Ellen, cries the Earl,
I can no longer stay;
For northward must I bend my course,
There lies my destin'd way.

With thee, Earl Walter, let me go,
Thy handmaid will I be;
All perils I with joy can brave,
That much loved face to see.

Rash Ellen! dost thou know the terms,
On which alone thou goest?
To drop each soft alluring grace,
Thy sex's pride and boast.

Those auburn locks to cut away,
To cast thy woman's weed;
All day to follow as my page,
All night to tend my steed.

Her auburn locks she cut away,
She cast her woman's weed;
All day she followed as his page,
Each night she fed his steed.

At length a rapid stream they find ;
Which when Earl Walter viewed ,
Thou canst not, Ellen, follow here—
He spoke, and passed the flood.

But love, than danger stronger far,
Her timid heart upbore ;
She rush'd at once amid the waves,
And reach'd the farther shore.

But still the Earl his purpose kept,
No pity he confest,
Though strong fatigue and anxious care
The damsel sore oppress.

Thy languid eyelids, Ellen, raise,
And view yon princely bower ;
There pleasure holds his revel reign,
And marks each passing hour.

There dwells a maid more fair than morn,
Than summer-suns more bright ;
That maiden is my plighted love,
My joy and sole delight.

Sad Ellen mildly answered thus,
May every bliss betide,
And still increasing rapture wait
Earl Walter and his bride!

The princely bower they enter soon,
And hail the glittering train;
Earl Walter courts each lovely nymph,
Nor heeds his Ellen's pain.

His sister with superior grace
Shone far above the rest,
Who when she Ellen's form surveyed,
Her wonder thus exprest.

Ah! whence my brother, is thy page?
How heavenly fair his face!
What pity that his size uncouth
Such beauty should disgrace.

But let the boy on me attend,
In my apartment wait;
My care shall sooth his gentle mind,
And mend his present state.

Too great for him that honor were,
A youth of low degree,
Enough distinguished as my page,
On foot to follow me.

Now midnight closing every eye,
Left Ellen free to weep,
But with the morn the Earl arose,
And broke the bands of sleep.

Awake! awake! thou slothful page,
'Tis dawn of breaking day,
Bring forth in haste my milk-white steed,
I must from hence away.

But ere her lord could be obey'd,
Uncall'd Lucina came,
And to sad Ellen's other woes,
She adds a mother's name.

Now burst their way the heart-felt groans,
Now falls the trickling tear,
Till through the high resounding dome,
They reach Earl Walter's ear.

With eager steps he sought the place,
Then made a fearful pause,
While broken accents breathed in sighs,
Reveal the fatal cause.

Lie still, thou pledge of hapless love,
Lie still, my infant dear;
I would thy father were a king,
Thy mother on a bier!

Enough had now the lover heard,
He clasps her in his arms,
Look up my mistress, friend, and wife,
Revive thy drooping charms.

Thy trial now is fairly past,
Thou first of womankind;
Thy form, though cast in beauty's mould,
Enshrines a hero's mind.

And dost thou know at length my heart?
Then have I well been tried;
I only liv'd to prove my faith:—
She grasped his hand, and died.

No. LXVIII.

THE CHILD OF ELLE.*

From "Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry."

ON yonder hill a castle stands,
With walls and tow'rs bedight,
And yonder lives the Child of Elle,
A young and comely knight.

The Child of Elle to his garden went,
And stood at his garden pale.
When, lo! he beheld fair Emmeline's
page
Come tripping down the dale.

The Child of Elle he hied him thence,
Y-wis † he stood not still,

* *Child* was a title sometimes given to a knight. † *Y-wis*, verily.

And soon he met fair Emmeline's page
Come climbing up the hill.

Now Christ thee save, thou little foot-
page,

Now Christ thee save, and see!

Oh! tell me how does thy lady gay,
And what may thy tidings be?

My lady she is all woe-begone,
And the tears fall from her eyne;
And aye she laments the deadly feud
Between her house and thine.

And here she sends thee a silken scarf
Bedew'd with many a tear,
And bids thee sometimes think on her,
Who loved thee so dear.

And here she sends thee a ring of gold,
The last boon thou mayst have,
And bids thee wear it for her sake,
When she is laid in grave.

For ah ! her gentle heart is broke,
And in grave soon must she be,
Sith her father has chose her a new
new love,
And forbid her to think of thee.

Her father has brought her a carlish
knight,
Sir John of the north/contràye ,
And within three days she must him wed,
Or he vows he will her slay.

Now hie thee back, thou little foot-page,
And greet thy lady from me,
And tell her, that I her own true love
Will die, or set her free.

Now hie thee back, thou little foot-page,
And let thy fair lady know
This night I will be at her bow'r-window,
Betide me weal or woe.

The boy he tripp'd, the boy he ran,

He neither stopp'd nor stay'd,
~~Until~~ he came to fair Emmeline's bow'r,
When kneeling down he said,

O lady ! I have been with thine own
true love,

And he greets thee well by me;
This night he will be here at thy bow'r-
window,
And die or set thee free.

Now day was gone, and night was come,
And all were fast asleep,
All save the lady Emmeline,
Who sate in her bow'r to weep.

And soon she heard her true love's voice
Low whispering at the wall,
Awake, awake, my dear ladyè,
'Tis I thy true love call.

Awake, awake, my lady dear,
Come, mount this fair palfraye:

This ladder of ropes will let thee down,
I'll carry thee hence away.

Now nay, now nay, thou gentle knight,
Now nay, this may not be;
For aye should I tint my maiden fame,
If alone I should go with thee.

O lady! thou with a knight so true
Must safely go alone,
So to my lady mother I will thee bring,
Where marriage shall make us one.

“My father he is a baron bold,
Of lineage proud and high;
And what would he say if his daughter
Away with a knight should fly?

Ah! well I know, he ne'er would rest,
Nor his meat should do him good,
Till he had slain thee, Child of Elle,
And seen thy dear heart's blood.”

O Lady! wert thou in thy saddle set

Thus while he spoke, he heard the
 shouting crew
 That call'd aboard, and took his last
 adieu.

The vessel went before a merry gale,
 And, for quick passage, put on every
 sail:

But when least fear'd, and e'en in open
 day,

The mischief overtook her in the way:
 Whether she sprung a leak, I cannot
 find,

Or whether she was overset with wind,
 Or that some rock below her bottom rent;
 But down at once, with all her crew,
 she went:

Her fellow ships from far, her loss
 descried;

But only she was sunk, and all were
 beside.

No. XLII.

HISTORY OF PORSENNA,
KING OF RUSSIA.

——“ARVA, BEATA

PETAMUS ARMA, DIVITES ET INSULAS.

HOR. EPOD. 16.

LISLE.

BOOK I.

IN Russia's frozen clime, some ages
since,
There dwelt, historians say, a worthy
prince,
Who to his people's good confined his
care,
And fix'd the basis of his empire there;
Enlarged their trade, the liberal arts
improved,

Made nations happy, and himself be-
loved ;

To all the neighbouring states a terror
grown,

The dear delight and glory of his own.

Not like those kings, who vainly seek
renown

From countries ruined, and from battles
won ;

Those mighty Nimrods, who mean laws
despise,

Call murder but a princely exercise,
And, if one bloodless sun should steal
away,

Cry out, with Titus, they have lost a day;
Who, to be more than men, themselves
debase

Beneath the brute, their Maker's form
deface,

Raising their titles by their God's dis-
grace.

Like fame to bold Erostratus we give,
Who scorn'd by less than sacrilege to
live ;

On holy ruins raised a lasting name,
And in the temple's fire diffused his
shame.

Far different praises, and a brighter fame,
The virtues of the young Porsenna
claim;

For by that name the Russian king was
known,

And sure a nobler ne'er adorn'd the
throne.

In war he knew the deathful sword to
wield,

And sought the thickest dangers of the
field,

A bold commander; but, the storm
o'erblown,

He seem'd as he were made for peace
alone;

Then was the golden age again restored,
Nor less his justice honor'd, than his
sword.

All needless pomp, and outward gran-
deur spared,

I pray the, hold thy hand,
Nor ruthless rend two gentle hearts,
Fast knit in true love's band.

Thy daughter I have dearly loved
Full long and many a day,
But with such love as holy kirk
Has freely said we may.

Oh! give consent she may be mine,
And bless a faithful pair:
My lands and livings are not small,
My house and lineage fair.

My mother she was an Earl's daughter,
A noble knight my sire—
The baron he frown'd, and turn'd away
With mickle dole and ire.

Fair Emmeline sigh'd, fair Emmeline
wept,

And did all trembling stand:
At length she sprang upon her knee,
And held his lifted hand.

Pardon, my lord and father dear,
This fair young knight and me:
Trust me, but for the carlish knight,
I ne'er had fled from thee.

Oft have you call'd your Emmeline
Your darling and your joy;
Oh! let not then your harsh resolves
Your Emmeline destroy.

The baron he strok'd his dark-brown
cheek,
And turn'd his head aside
To wipe away the starting tear
He proudly strove to hide.

In deep revolving thought he stood,
And mus'd a little space;
Then rais'd fair Emmeline from the
ground,
With many a fond embrace.

Here take her, Child of Elle! he said,

And gave her lily hand,
Here take my dear and only child,
And with her half my land.

Thy father once my honor wrong'd
In days of youthful pride;
Do thou the injury repair
In fondness for thy bride.

And as thou lovest and holdst her dear,
Heaven prosper thee and thine:
And now my blessing go with thee,
My lovely Emmeline.

No. LXIX.

KING LEAR,
AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

*From "Percy's Reliques of Ancient
English Poetry."*

KING Lear once ruled in this land,
With princely pow'r and peace,
And had all things with heart's content,
That might his joys increase:
Amongst those things that nature gave,
Three daughters fair had he,
So princely seeming beautiful,
As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king
A question thus to move,
Which of his daughters to his grace
Could shew the dearest love:
For to my age you bring content,

Quoth he, then let me hear
Which of you three in plighted troth,
The kindest will appear.

To whom the eldest thus began,
Dear father, mind, quoth she,
Before your face to do you good,
My blood shall render'd be;
And for your sake my bleeding heart
Shall here be cut in twain,
Ere that I see your reverend age
The smallest grief sustain.

And so will I, the second said:
Dear father, for your sake,
The worst of all extremities
I'll gently undertake;
And serve your highness night and day
With diligence and love;
That sweet content and quietness
Discomforts may remove.

In doing so, you glad my soul,

The aged king reply'd ;
 But what sayst thou, my youngest girl,
 How is thy love ally'd ?
 My love (quoth young Cordelia then)
 Which to your grace I owe ,
 Shall be the duty of a child ,
 And that is all I'll shew.

And wilt thou shew no more, quoth he,
 Than doth thy duty bind ?
 I well perceive thy love is small,
 When as no more I find :
 Henceforth I banish thee my court ,
 Thou art no child of mine ;
 Nor any part of this my realm
 By favor shall be thine.

Thy elder sisters' loves are more
 Than well I can demand ,
 To whom I equally bestow
 My kingdom and my land :
 My pompal state and all my goods ,
 That lovingly I may

With those thy sisters be maintain'd
Until my dying day.

Thus flatt'ring speeches won renown,
By these two sisters here:

The third had causeless banishment,
Yet was her love more dear:

For poor Cordelia patiently
Went wand'ring up and down,
Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid,
Through many an English town.

Until at last in famous France
She gentler fortunes found;
Though poor and bare, yet she was
deem'd

The fairest on the ground:
Where when the king her virtues heard,
And this fair lady seen,
With full consent of all his court
He made his wife and queen.

Her father 'old' king Lear this while

With his two daughters staid,
 Forgetful of their promis'd loves,
 Full soon the same decay'd,
 And living in queen Ragan's court,
 The eldest of the twain,
 She took from him his chiefest means,
 And most of all his train.

For where as twenty men were wont
 To wait with bended knee:
 She gave allowance but to ten,
 And after scarce to three:
 Nay, one she thought too much for him,
 So took she all away,
 In hope that in her court, good king,
 He would no longer stay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,
 In giving all I have
 Unto my children, and to beg
 For what I lately gave?
 I'll go unto my Gonorell;
 My second child, I know,

Will be more kind and pitiful,
And will relieve my woe.

Full fast he hies then to her court;
Where when she heard his moan,
Return'd him answer, That she griev'd,
That all his means were gone:
But no way could relieve his wants:
Yet if that he would stay
Within her kitchen, he should have
What scullions gave away.

When he had heard with bitter tears,
He made his answer then;
In what I did let me be made
Example to all men.
I will return again, quoth he,
Unto my Ragan's court;
She will not use me thus, I hope,
But in a kinder sort.

Where when he came, she gave command
To drive him thence away:

When he was well within her court
(She said) he would not stay.

Then back again to Gonorell,
The woful king did hie,
That in her kitchen he might have
What scullion boys set by.

But there of that he was deny'd,
Which she had promis'd late:
For once refusing, he should not
Come after to her gate.
Thus 'twixt his daughters, for relief
He wander'd up and down;
Being glad to feed on beggar's food,
That lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then
His youngest daughter's words,
That said the duty of a child
Was all that love affords:
But doubting to repair to her,
Whom he had banish'd so,
Grew frantic mad; for in his mind
He bore the wounds of woe.

Which made him rend his milk-white
locks,

And tresses from his head,
And all with blood bestain his cheeks,
With age and honor spread:
To hills and wood and watry founts,
He made his hourly moan,
Till hills and woods and senseless things,
Did seem to sigh and groan.

Ev'n thus possest with discontents,

He passed o'er to France,
In hopes from fair Cordelia there,
To find some gentler chance.

Most virtuous dame! which when she
heard

Of this her father's grief,
As duty bound, she quickly sent
Him comfort and relief:

And by a train of noble peers,
In brave and gallant sort,
She gave in charge he should be brought

To Aganippus' court ;
 Whose royal king, with noble mind
 So freely gave consent,
 To muster up his knights at arms,
 To fame and courage bent.

And so to England came with speed,
 To repossess king Lear,
 And drive his daughters from their
 thrones

By his Cordelia dear :
 Where she, true-hearted noble queen,
 Was in the battle slain :
 Yet he good king, in his old days,
 Possest his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,
 Who died indeed for love
 Of her dear father, in whose cause
 She did this battle move ;
 He swooning fell upon her breast,
 From whence he never parted :
 But on her bosom left his life,
 That was so truly hearted,

The lords and nobles when they saw
The end of these events,
The other sisters unto death
They doomed by consents:
And being dead, their crowns they left
Unto the next of kin:
Thus have you seen the fall of pride,
And disobedient sin.

No. LXX.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY

OF

JOHN GILPIN;

*Shewing how he went farther than he
intended, and came safe home again.*

C O W P E R.

JOHN Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holyday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair

Unto the Bell at Edmonton,

All in a chaise and pair.

My sister and my sister's child,

Myself and children three,

Will fill the chaise, so you must ride

On horseback after we.

He soon replied, I do admire

Of womankind but one;

And you are she, my dearest dear,

Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,

As all the world doth know,

And my good friend the callender

Will lend his horse to go.

Quoth Mistress Gilpin, That's wel said;

And, for that wine is dear,

We will be furnish'd with our own,

Which is both bright and clear.

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;

O'erjoy'd was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was
brought,
But yet was not allow'd
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
Where they did all get in,
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the
wheels,
Were never folks so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seiz'd fast the flowing mane;

And up he got in haste to ride,
But soon came down again:

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it griev'd him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind;
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

Good lack! quoth he—yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.

Now Mistrets Gilpin, careful soul!
Had two stone-bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she lov'd,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true;

Then over all that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and
neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,

The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat.

So, fair and softly, John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;

That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,

He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,

What thing upon his back had got,
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught,
Away went hat and wig;

He little dreamt when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As has been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all;
And ev'ry soul cried out, Well done!
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he:
His fame soon spread around—
He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound.

And still as fast as he drew near
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
With leathern girdle brac'd;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
And till he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,

Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From balcony espied
Her tender husband, wond'ring much
To see how he did ride.

Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here's the
house—

They all at once did cry;
The dinner waits, and we are tir'd:
Said Gilpin—So am I.

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclin'd to tarry there;
For why? his owner had a house
Full ten miles off at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
 And sore against his will,
 Till at his friend's, the callender's
 His horse at last stood still.

The callender, amaz'd to see
 His neighbour in such trim,
 Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
 And thus accosted him:

What news! what news! your tidings
 Tell,

Tell me you must and shall—
 Say why bare-headed you are come,
 Or why you come at all?

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
 And lov'd a timely joke;
 And thus unto the callender
 In merry guise he spoke:

I came because your horse would come:
 And, if I well forebode,

My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road.

The callender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

When straight he came with hat and wig,
A wig that flow'd behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus shew'd his ready wit:
My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.

Said John, It is my wedding day;

And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.

So turning to his horse he said,
I am in haste to dine:
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.

Ah luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For while he spake a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar;
And gallop'd off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why? they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pull'd out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell,
This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well.

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain,
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumb'ring of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,
They rais'd the hue and cry:

Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that pass'd that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race,

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town,
Nor stopp'd till where he first got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

No. LXXI.

BARBARA ALLEN'S
CRUELTY.

From "Percy's Reliques of Ancient
English Poetry."

IN Scarlet town, where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwelling,
Made every youth cry, Well-away!
Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swelling,
Young Jemmy Grove on his deathbed lay,
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,
To the town where she was dwelling;
You must come to my master dear,
If your name be Barbara Allen.

Though death be printed on his face,
And o'er his heart is stealing:
Then haste away to comfort him,
O lovely Barbara Allen!

Though death be printed on his face,
And o'er his heart is stealing;
Yet little better shall he be
For bonny Barbara Allen.

So slowly, slowly, she came up,
And slowly she came nigh him;
And all she said, when there she came,
Young man, I think y' are dying.

He turn'd his face unto her straight,
With deadly sorrow sighing;
O lovely maid! come pity me,
I'm on my deathbed lying.

If on your deathbed you do lie,
What needs the tale you are telling,

I cannot keep you from your death :
Farewel, said Barbara Allen.

He turn'd his face unto the wall,
As deadly pangs he fell in:
Adieu! adieu! adieu to you all!
Adieu to Barbara Allen!

As she was walking o'er the fields,
She heard the bells a knelling,
And ev'ry stroke did seem to say,
Unworthy Barbara Allen!

She turn'd her body round about,
And spied the corpse a coming:
Lay down, lay down the corpse, she
said
That I may look upon him.

With scornful eye she looked down,
Her cheek with laughter swelling;
Whilst all her friends cried out amain,
Unworthy Barbara Allen!

When he was dead, and laid in grave,
Her heart was struck with sorrow;
O mother! mother! make my bed,
For I shall die to-morrow.

Hard-hearted creature, him to slight,
Who loved me so dearly:
Oh! had I been more kind to him,
When he was alive and near me!

She, on her deathbed as she lay,
Begg'd to be buried by him;
And sore repented of the day
That she did e'er deny him.

Farewel! she said, ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in:
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen.

No. LXXII.

GERNUTUS,
THE JEW OF VENICE.

A new Song, shewing the cruelty of Gernutus, a Jew, who lending to a Merchant an hundred crowns, would have a pound of flesh, because he could not pay him at the time appointed. Of the mercifulness of the Judge towards the Merchant.

From "Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry."

THE FIRST PART.

IN Venice town not long ago
A cruel Jew did dwell,
Who lived all on usury,
As Italian writers tell.

Gernutus called was the Jew,

Who never thought to die,
Nor ever yet did any good
To them in streets that lie,

His life was like a barrow hog,
That liveth many a day,
Yet never once doth any good,
Until men will him slay.

Or like a filthy heap of dung,
That lyeth in a hoard;
Which never can do any good,
Till it be spread abroad.

So fares it with the usurer,
He cannot sleep in rest,
For fear the thief will him pursue
To pluck him from his nest.

His heart doth think on many a wile,
How to deceive the poor;
His mouth is almost full of muck,
Yet still he gapes for more.

His wife must lend a shilling,
For ev'ry week a penny,
Yet bring a pledge, that is double worth,
If that you will have any.

And see, likewise, you keep your day,
Or else you lose it all:
This was the living of the wife,
Her cow she did it call.

Within that city dwelt that time
A merchant of great fame,
Who being distressed in his need,
Unto Gernutus came:

Desiring him to stand his friend
For twelve months and a day,
To lend to him an hundred crowns,
And he for it would pay.

Whatsoever he would demand of him,
And pledges he should have.
No, (quoth the Jew with flearing looks)
Sir! ask what you will have.

No penny for the loan of it
For one year you shall pay ;
You may do me as good a turn,
Before my dying day. /

But we will have a merry jest,
For to be talked long :
You shall make me a bond, quoth he,
That shall be large and strong :

And this shall be the forfeiture ;
Of your own flesh a pound.
If you agree, make you the bond,
And here's a hundred crowns.

With right good will ! the merchant says :
And so the bond was made.
When twelve months and a day drew on
That back it should be paid.

The merchant's ships were all at sea,
And money came not in ;
Which way to take, or what to do
To think he doth begin :

And to Gernutus straight he comes
With cap and bended knee,
And said to him, Of Courtesy
I pray you bear with me.

My day is come, and I have not
The money for to pay:
And little good the forfeiture
Will do you, I dare say.

With all my heart, Gernutus said,
Command it to your mind:
In things of bigger weight than this
You shall me ready find.

He goes his way; the day once past
Gernutus doth not slack
To get a sergeant presently;
And clapt him on the back:

And laid him into prison strong,
And sued his bond withal;
And when the judgment day was come,
For judgment he did call.

The merchant's friends came thither fast,
With many a weeping eye,
For other means they could not find,
But he that day must die.

THE SECOND PART.

Some offer'd for his hundred crowns
Five hundred for to pay;
And some a thousand, two or three,
Yet still he did deny.

And at the last ten thousand crowns
They offer'd, him to save.
Gernutus said, I will no gold,
My forfeit I will have.

A pound of flesh is my demand,
And that shall be my hire,
Then said the judge, Yet good my friend,
Let me of you desire;

To take the flesh from such a place,
As yet you let him live:

Do so, and lo ! an hundred crowns
To thee here I will give.

No , no, quoth he, no, judgment here :
For this it shall be tried ,
For I will have my pound of flesh
From under his right side.

It grieved all the company
His cruelty to see ,
For neither friend nor foe could help
But he must spoiled be.

The bloody Jew now ready is
With whetted blade in hand ,
To spoil the blood of innocent ,
By forfeit of his bond.

And as he was about to strike
In him the deadly blow :
Stay, quoth the judge, thy cruelty ;
I charge thee to do so.

Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have ,

Which is a flesh of pound :
 See that thou shed no drop of blood,
 Nor yet the man confound.

For, if thou do, like murderer,

Thou here shalt hanged be :
 Likewise of flesh see that thou cut

No more than longs to thee :

For if thou take either more or less

To the value of a mite,
 Thou shalt be hanged presently
 As is both law and right.

Gernutus now wax'd frantic mad,

And knew not what to say ;
 Quoth he at last, Ten thousand crowns
 I will that he shall pay ;

And so I grant to set him free.

The judge doth answer make,
 You shall not have a penny given ;
 Your forfeiture now take.

At the last he doth demand

But for to have his own.

No, quoth the judge, do as you list,

Thy judgment shall be shewn.

Either take your pound of flesh, quoth he,

Or cancel me your bond.

O cruel judge, then quoth the Jew,

That doth against me stand.

And so with griping grieved mind

He biddeth them farewell.

Then all the people prais'd the Lord,

That ever this heard tell.

Good people, that do hear this song,

For truth I dare well say,

That many a wretch as ill as he

Doth live now at this day.

That seeketh nothing but the spoil

Of many a wealthy man,

And for to trap the innocent

Deviseth what they can.

From whom the Lord deliver me,
And ev'ry Christian too,
And send to them like sentence eke
That meaneth so to do.

No. LXXIII.LORD HENRY AND
KATHARINE.

From "Allan Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany."

IN ancient time in Britain's isle
Lord Henry well was known,
Nor knight in all the land more fam'd,
Or more deserv'd renown.
His thoughts on honor always ran,
He ne'er could bow to love;
No nymph in all the land had charms
His frozen heart to move.

Amongst the nymphs where Kath'rine
came,
The fairest face she shews;
She was as bright as morning-sun,
And sweeter than a rose;

Although she was of mean degree ,
She daily conquests gains ;
For ne'er a youth who her beheld ,
Escap'd her pow'rful chains.

But soon her eyes their lustre lost ,
Her cheek grew pale and wan ,
A pining seiz'd her lovely form ,
And cures were all in vain ;
The sickness was to all unknown
That did the fair one waste ,
Her time in sighs and flood of tears ,
And broken slumbers past.

Once in a dream she cried aloud ,
Oh Henry ! I'm undone !
Oh cruel fate ! oh wretched maid !
Thy love must ne'er be known !
Such is the fate of womankind ,
They must the truth conceal !
I'll die ten thousand , thousand deaths ,
Ere I my love reveal.

A tender friend that watch'd the fair
To Henry hied away ;

My lord ! says she, we've found the cause
Of Kath'rine's quick decay.

She in a dream the secret told
Till now no mortal knew ;

Alas ! she now expiring lies,
And dies—for love—of you !

The gen'rous Henry's soul was touch'd,
His heart began to flame ;

Ah , poor unhappy maid ! he cried ,
Yet I am not to blame !

Ah Kath'rine ! too, too modest maid ,
Thy love I never knew !

I'll ease your pain——and swift as wind
To her bed-side he flew.

Awake ! awake ! he fondly cried ;

Awake ! awake ! my dear !

If only I had guess'd your love ,
You ne'er had shed a tear.

'Tis Henry calls , complain no more ,

Renew thy wonted charms;
I come to save thee from despair,
And take thee to my arms.

These words reviv'd the dying fair,
She rais'd her drooping head,
And gazing on the long-lov'd youth,
She started from the bed.
Around his neck her arms she slung,
In écstasy, and cried:
“Will you be kind? Will you indeed,
“Me love?”—and so she died.

No. LXXIV.

THE CHILDREN IN THE
WOOD;

O R,

THE NORFOLK GENTLEMAN'S
LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

*From "Percy's Reliques of Ancient
English Poetry."*

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
The words which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light:
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk liv'd of late,
Whose wealth and riches did surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help that he could have;

His wife by him as sick did lie,
As both possess'd one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind:
In love they liv'd, in love they died,
And left two babes behind.

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old:
Th' other a girl, more young than he,
And made in beauty's mould.
The father left his litte son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a year;

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage day,
Which might not be controll'd:
But if the children chanc'd to die
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth,
For so the will did run.

Now, brother, said the dying man,
Look to my children dear;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends else I have here:
To God and you I do commend
My children night and day;
But little while, be sure, we have
Within this world to stay.

You must be father and mother both,
And uncle, all in one;
God knows what will become of them
When I am dead and gone.
With that bespake their mother dear:
O brother kind, quoth she;
You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or misery.

And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
If otherwise you seem to deal,
God will your deeds regard.
With lips as cold as any stone

She kiss'd her children small :
God bless you both my children dear !
With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spoke
To this sick couple there :
The keeping of your children dear,
Sweet sister do not fear ;
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear,
When you are laid in grave !

Their parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them home unto his house,
And much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
When for their wealth he did devise
To make them both away.

He bargain'd with two ruffians rude,

Who were of furious mood,
That they should take the children young,
And slay them in a wood.
He told his wife, and all he had,
He did the children send
To be brought up in fair London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went these pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide,
Rejoicing with a merry mind,
They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the way,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives' decay.

So that the pretty speech they had
Made muid'ers' hearts relent;
And they that undertook the deed
Full sore they did repent.
Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,

Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,
So here they fell at strife;
With one another they did fight
About the children's life:
And he that was of mildest mood
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
While babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand,
When tears stood in their eye;
And bade them go and come with him,
And look they did not cry:
And two long miles he let them on,
While they for food complain:
Stay here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread,
When I do come again.

These pretty babes with hand in hand
Went wand'ring up and down;

But never more they saw the man
Approaching from the town;
Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were alle besmear'd and dy'd;
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wander'd these too pretty babes,
Till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they died,
As babes wanting relief:
No burial these pretty babes
Of any man receives,
Till Robin-redbreast painfully
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt a hell:
His barns were fir'd, his goods consum'd,
His lands were barren made,
His cattle died within the field,
And nothing with him staid.

And, in the voyage of Portugal,
 Two of his sons did die;
 And to conclude, himself was brought
 To extreme misery :
 He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land
 Ere sev'n years came about,
 And now at length this wicked act
 Did by this means come out.

The fellow that did take in hand
 These children for to kill,
 Was for a robbery judg'd to die,
 As was God's blessed will ;
 Who did confess the very truth,
 The which is here express'd ;
 Their uncle died, while he for debt,
 In prison long did rest.

All you that be executors made,
 And overseers eke,
 Of children that be fatherless,
 And infants mild and meek,

Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right;
Lest God with such like misery,
Your wicked minds requite.

No. LXXV.

LUCY AND COLIN.

THOMAS TICKEL, Esq.

OF Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so fair a face.

Till luckless love, and pining care
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lip, and damask cheek,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid;
Her life now near its end.

But Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair;

Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjured swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And at her window, shrieking thrice,
The raven flapp'd his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn-boding sound,
And thus in dying words bespoke
The virgins weeping round:

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

By a false heart, and broken vows,
In early youth I die:
Am I to blame because his bride
Is thrice as rich as I?

Ah Colin! give not her thy vows,

Vows due to me alone;
 Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
 Nor think him all thy own.

To-morrow in the church to wed,
 Impatient both prepare;
 But know, fond maid, and know, false
 man,
 That Lucy will be there.

There bear my corpse, ye comrades, bear,
 The bridegroom blithe to meet;
 He in his wedding trim so gay,
 I in my winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's
 thoughts?

How were those nuptials kept?
 The bridemen flock'd round Lucy dead,
 And all the village wept.

Compassion, shame, remorse, despair,
 At once his bosom swell;

The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride: (ah, bride no
more!)

The varying crimson fled;
When stretch'd before her rival's corpse,
She saw her husband dead.

He to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Conveyed by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever now remains.

Oft at their grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay, and true love-knots,
They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forsworn! whoe'er thou art,
This hallowed spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

No. LXXVI.

THE BARBER'S NUPTIALS.

From "Poetry Elegant Extracts."

IN liquorpond-street, as is well known
to many,

An artist resided who shav'd for a
penny,

Cut hair for three halfpence, for three-
pence he bled,

And would draw for a groat ev'ry
tooth in your head.

What annoy'd other folks never spoil'd
his repose,

'Twas the same thing to him whether
stocks fell or rose:

For a blast and for mildew he car'd
not a pin;

His crops never fail'd, for they grew
on the chin.

Unvex'd by the cares that ambition
 and state has,
 Contented he din'd on his daily potatoes;
 And the pence that he earn'd by excision
 of bristle
 Were nightly devoted to whetting his
 whistle.

When copper ran low he made light
 of the matter,
 Drank his purl upon tick at the old
 Pewter Platter,
 Read the news, and as deep in the
 secret appear'd
 As if he had lather'd the minister's
 beard.

But Cupid, who trims men of ev'ry
 station,
 And 'twixt barbers and beaux makes
 no discrimination,
 Would not let this superlative shaver
 alone,

Till he tried if his heart was as hard
as his hone.

The fair one whose charms did the
barber enthrall,
At the end of Fleet-market of fish
kept a stall:
As red as her 'cheek was no lobster
e'er seen,
Not an eel that she sold was so soft
as her skin.

By love strange effects have been wrought,
we are told,
In all countries and climates, hot,
tremperate, or cold:
Thus the heart of our barber love scorch'd
like a coal,
Though 'tis very well known he liv'd
under the *pole*.

First, he courted his charmer in sor-
rowful fashion,

And lied like a lawyer to move her
compassion;

He should perish, he swore, did his
suit not succeed,

And a barber to slay was a barborous
deed.

Then he alter'd his tone, and was heard
to declare,

If valor deserv'd the regard of the fair,
That his courage was tried, though
he scorn'd to disclose

How many brave fellows he'd took by
the nose.

For his politics, too, they were thoroughly known,

A patriot he was to the very back-bone;
Wilkes he gratis had shav'd for the
good of the nation,

And he held the Whig-Club in profound veneration.

For his tenets religious—he could well
expound

Emanuel Swedenborg's myst'ries pro-
found,

And new doctrines could broach with
the best of'em all;

For a periwig-maker ne'er wanted a
caul.

Indignant she answer'd: "No chin-scrap-
ing sot

"Shall be fasten'd to me by the con-
jugal knot:

"No!—to Tyburn repair, if a noose
you must tie:

"Other fish I have got, Mr. Tonsor,
to fry.

"Holborn Bridge and Black Friars my
triumphs can tell,

"From Billingsgate beauties I've long
borne the bell:

"Nay, tripemen and fishmongers vie
for my favor—

“Then d’ye think I’ll take up with
a two-penny shaver?

“Let dory, or turbot the sov’ reign of fish,

“Cheek by jowl with red herring be
serv’d in one dish;

“Let sturgeon and sprats in one pickle
unite,

“When I angle for husbands, and bar-
bers shall bite.”

But the barber persisted (ah, could I
relate ’em!)

To ply her with compliments soft as
pomatum;

And took ev’ry occasion to flatter and
praise her,

Till she fancied his wit was as keen
as his razor.

He protested besides, if she’d grant his
petition,

She should live like a lady of rank and
condition;

And to Billingsgate market no longer
 repair,
 But himself all her business would do
 to a hair.

Her smiles, he asserted, would melt
 even rocks,
 Nay, the fire of her eyes would con-
 sume barbers' blocks,
 On insensible objects bestow animation,
 And give to old periwigs regeneration.

With fair speeches cajol'd, as you'd
 tickle a trout,
 'Gainst the barber the fish-wife no more
 could hold out;
 He applied the right bait, and with
 flattery he caught her:
 Without flattery a female's a fish out
 of water.

The state of her heart when the barber
 once guess'd,

Muscle-mongers and oyster-men, crimps
 and coal-heavers ,
 And butchers with marrow-bones smit-
 ing their cleavers ;
 Shrimp-scalders and bug-killers, tay-
 lors and tylers,
 Boys , botchers, bawds, bailiffs, and
 black-pudding boilers.

From their voices united such melody
 flowed ,
 As the abbey ne'er witness'd , nor
 Tott'nham Court-road ;
 While St. Andrew's brave bells did so
 loud and so clear ring,
 You'd have given ten pounds to've been
 out of their hearing.

For his fee—when the parson this couple
 had join'd ,
 As no cash was forthcoming, he took
 it in kind :

So the bridegroom dismantled his rev'ren-
ce's chin,
And the bride entertained him with
pilchards and gin.

No. LXXVII.

THE SHEPHERD'S RESO-
LUTION.

GEORGE WITHER.

SHALL I wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in may;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pin'd,
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
The turtledove or pelican!

If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?

Or her well-deservings known.
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest,
Which may merit name of Best;

If she be not so to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?

Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do,
That without them dare to woo;

And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;

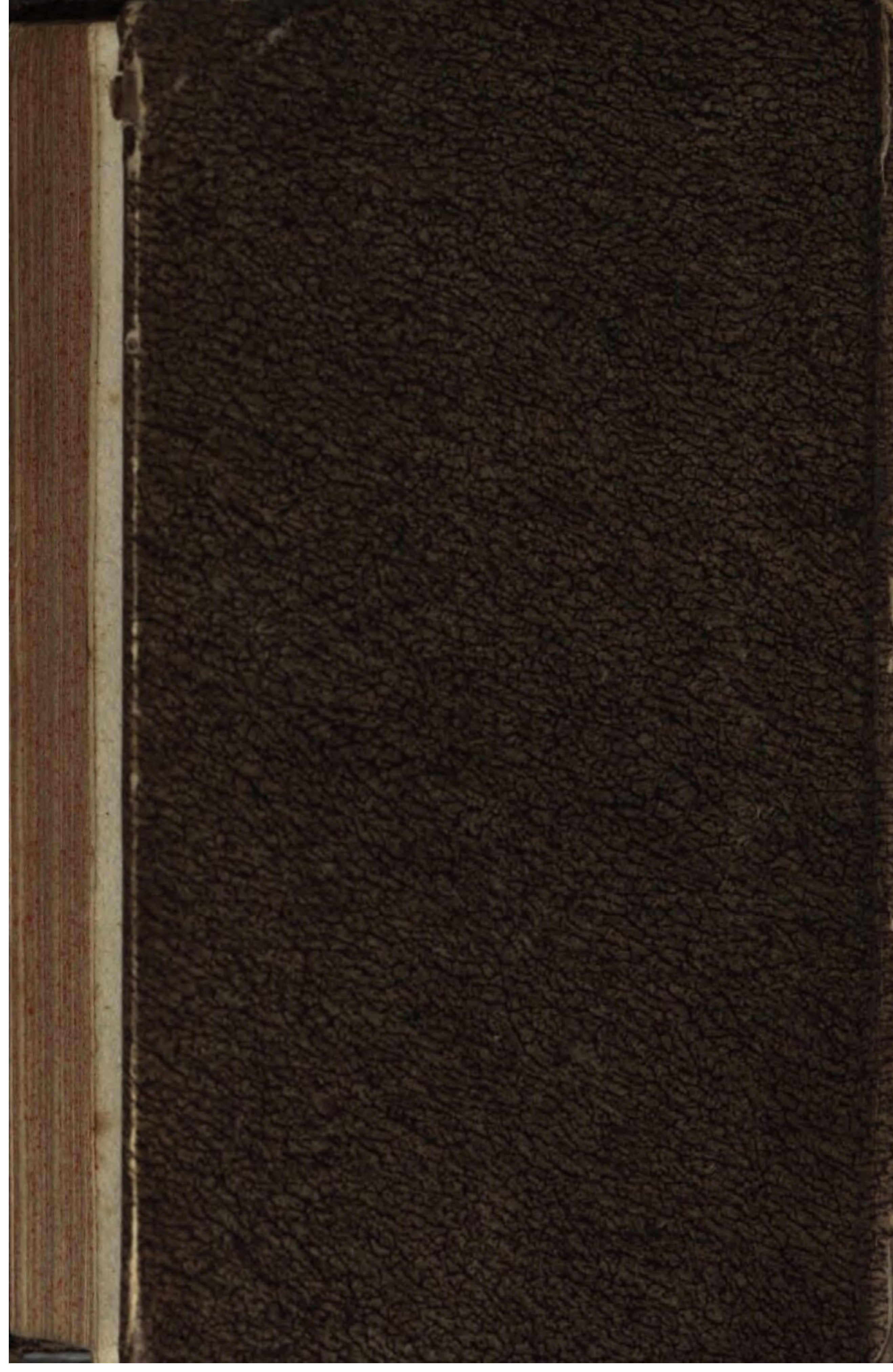
If she love me, this believe,
I will die, if she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I woo.
I can scorn and let her go!

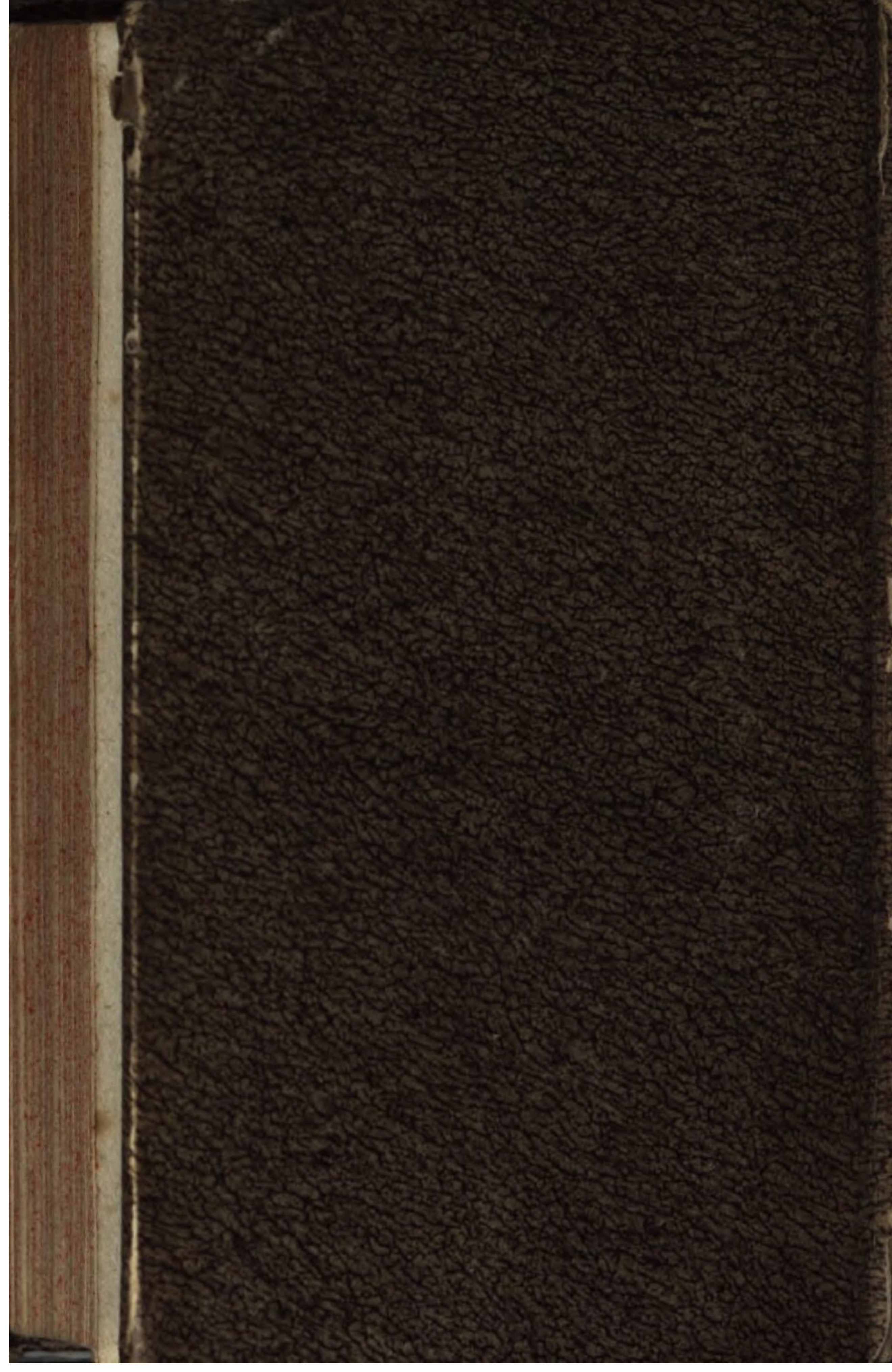
If she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be.

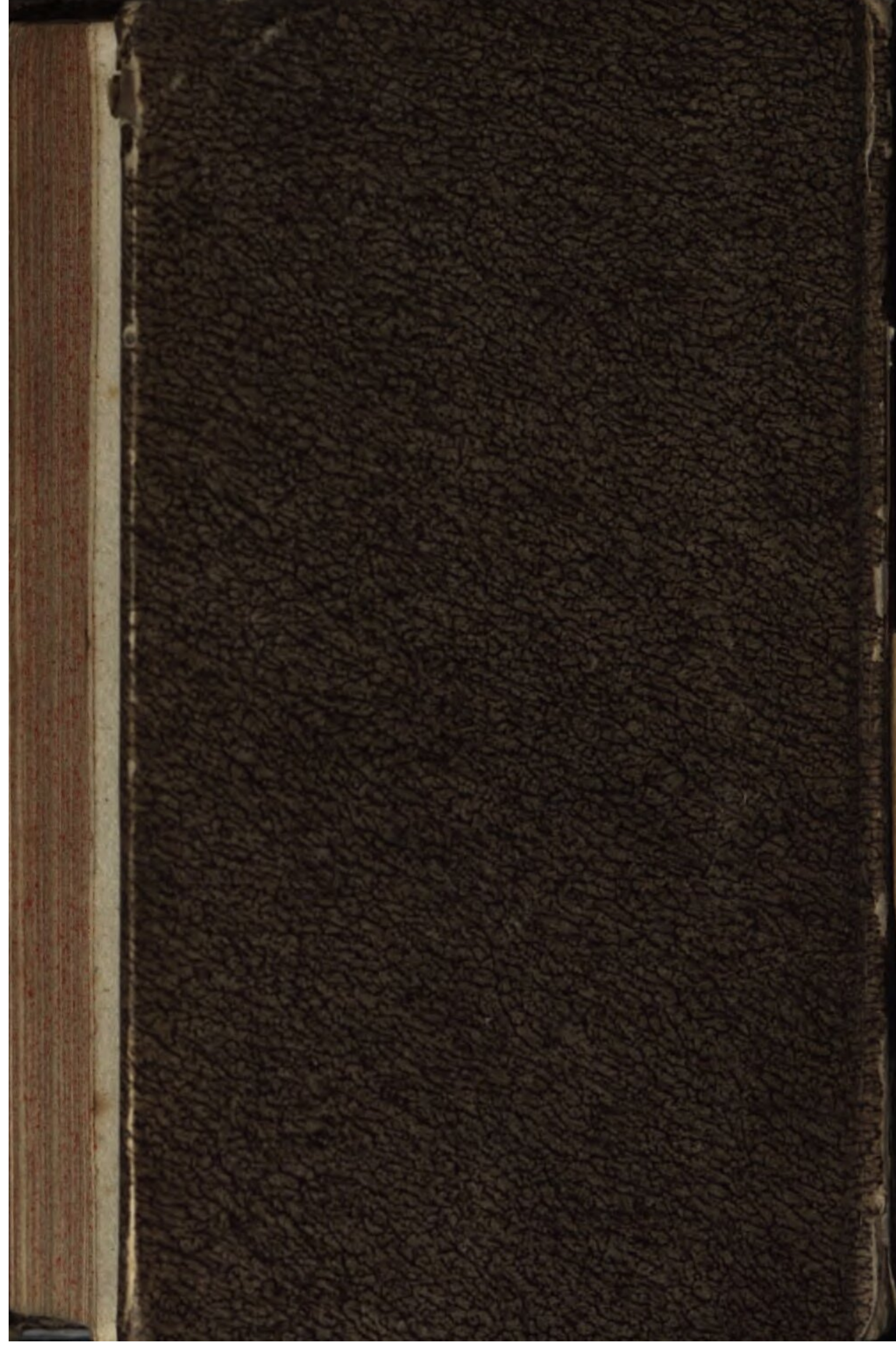
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